

he

# Leisure Hour

THE WITCHERY  
OF THE GREAT SAHARA

A TERRIBLE TEN MINUTES

HOW TO FURNISH  
A COTTAGE

October 1903

(All Rights Reserved)

4 Bouverie St  
London E.C

Sixpence

The *Leisure Hour* is published by THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, INCORPORATED, at 4 Bouverie Street, London, England, on the 25th of each month. The subscription price, including postage to any of the countries within the Postal Union, is 8/- per annum. The *Leisure Hour* is entered at the New York Post Office as second class matter.

Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.



## THE Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS

Will not split in the Seams | Nor tear in the Fabric.

Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

"The best make of Corsets is the Y & N"—GENTLEWOMAN.

### CAUTION.

See that the Registered Trade Mark "Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM," is imprinted on every Corset and Box. No Others are Genuine.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies Outfitters throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies.

Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.  
"GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900."

# NEAVE'S FOOD

BEST and CHEAPEST

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—LANCET.  
USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

**DON'T COUGH for KEATING'S LOZENGES EASILY CURE THE WORST COUGH.**

One gives relief. An increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 13d. tins everywhere.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS**

GOLD MEDALS  
PARIS 1878-1889

Numbers for use by Bankers:—Barrel Pens, 225, 226, 262. Slip Pens, 332, 309, 287, 166, 404. In the medium and broad Points.

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Notwithstanding the number of new preparations, most of them of foreign introduction, the trusted medicine—**BEECHAM'S PILLS**—still stands foremost, both in point of popularity and in demand, and the

**SALE IS GREATER THAN EVER.**

**WHY?**

They cannot be equalled as a **FAMILY MEDICINE . . . .**

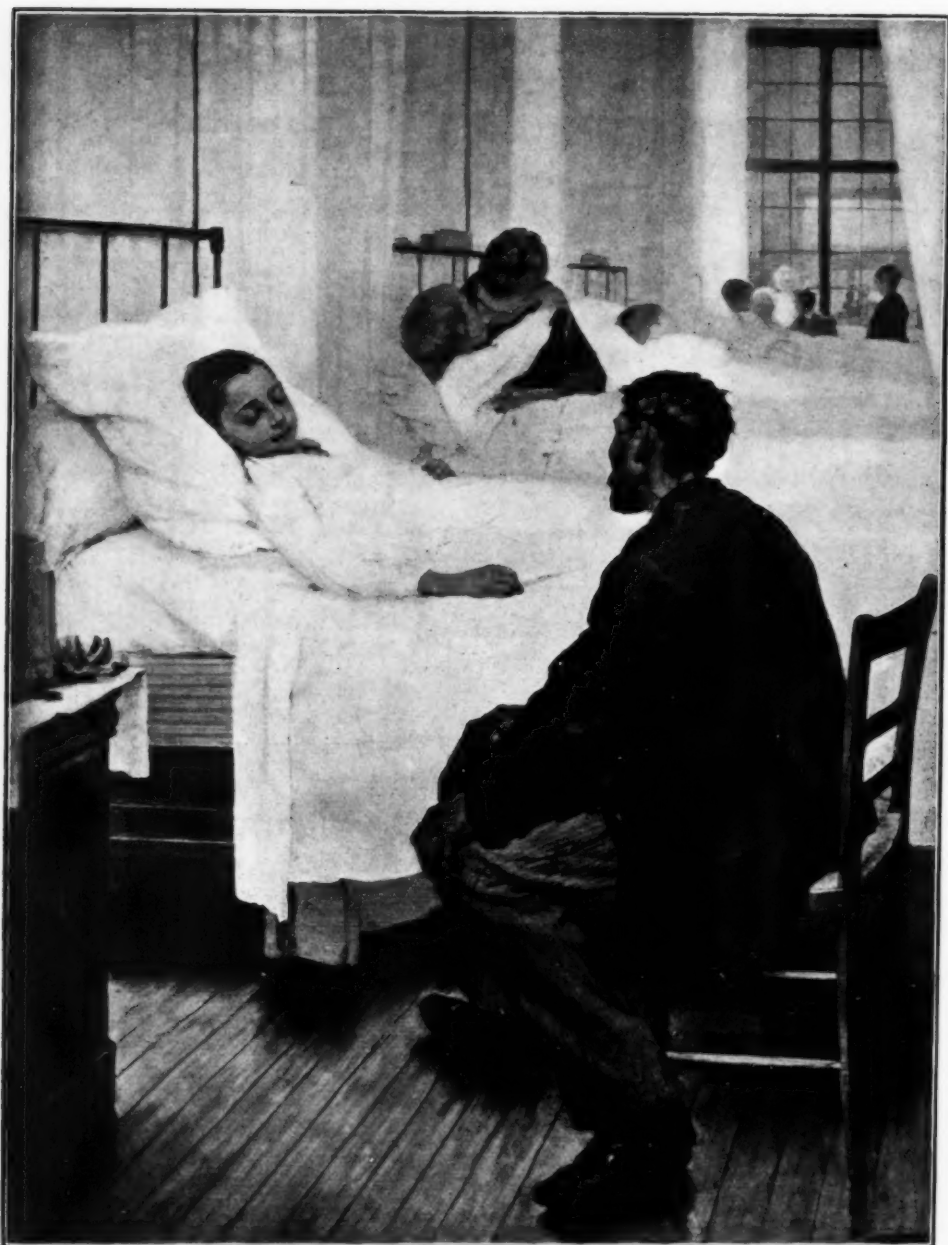
They are carefully prepared from the finest curative drugs of vegetable origin.

**BECAUSE**

Their patrons everywhere recommend them to others.

Sold everywhere in boxes, 1s. 1½d. (56 pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 pills).





VISITING-DAY AT THE HOSPITAL

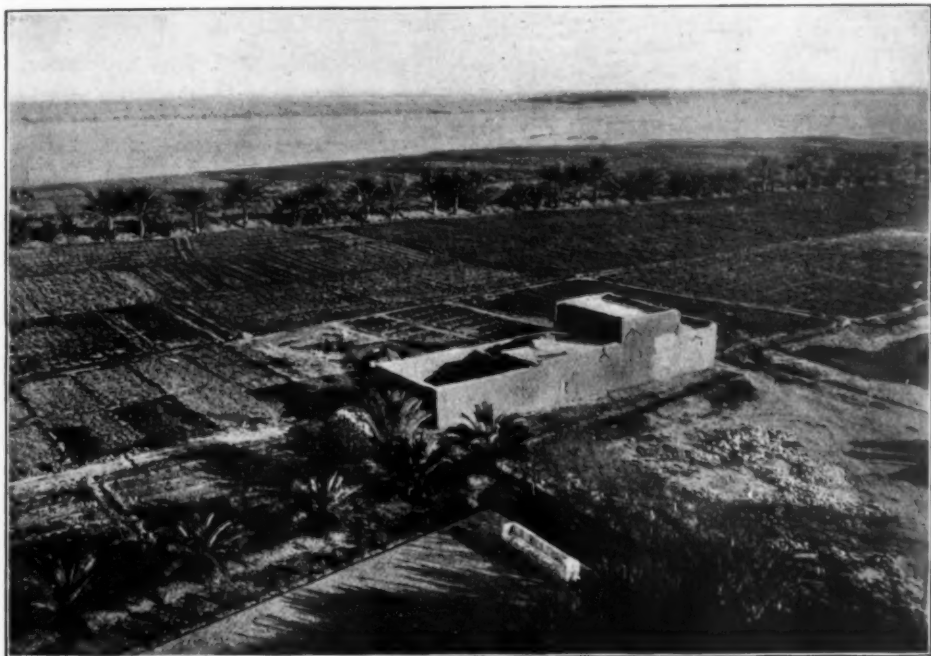
*From the painting by Geoffroy in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris*



# The Witchery of the Great Sahara

BY MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND

*Photographs by Aubrey Le Blond*



LOOKING EASTWARD OVER THE DESERT, FROM THE OASIS OF BISKRA

A small oasis, like an island, may be seen to the right.

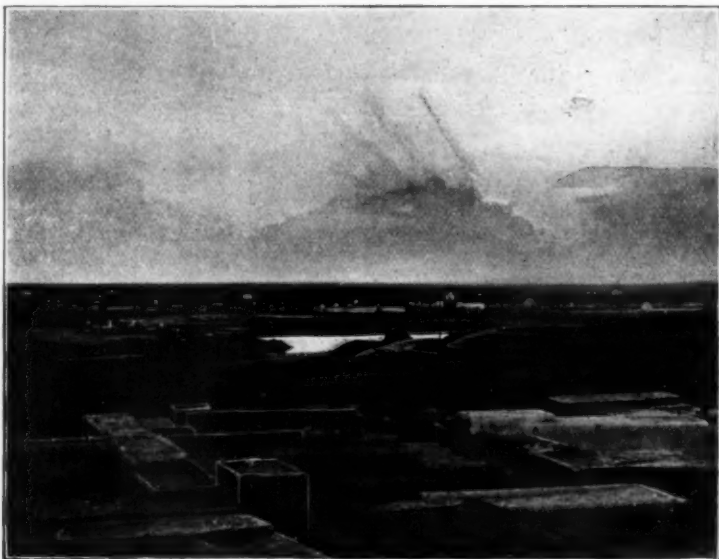
THE witchery of the ocean has been felt by many an Englishman dwelling on the shores of the sea. A restless longing falls upon those whom it enthralls, and can only be satisfied by frequent wanderings over the face of the waters.



THE VAST EXPANSE OF THE SAHARA, LOOKING SOUTH

## The Witchery of the Great Sahara

The desert seems to cast a similar spell on those who inhabit it, and on not a few who visit it. The ocean resembles the desert in many ways. Both are infinitely vast, both give a sense of solitude and isolation; over both the air is pure and uncontaminated by a multitude of human beings or a mass of rotting vegetation. The smiling oases are like the sheltered harbours that await the sailor in times of storm and stress. The calmly-moving camels have long been known as "ships of the desert." The desert, too, was once the floor of the sea, its sands consisting of shells powdered



LOOKING OVER THE DESERT FROM A ROOFTOP IN THE SACRED CITY  
OF KAIROUAN (TUNISIA)

A storm can be seen approaching. It was followed by forty minutes' rain, the first fall for more than a year. In the centre of the photograph is the pool of muddy, brackish water, where every evening scores of camels were driven to drink. A scene like this must surely have inspired Rudyard Kipling in translating "The Love Song of Har Dyal."

### The Love Song of Har Dyal

ALONE upon the housetops, to the North  
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky—  
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North;  
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

Below my feet the still bazar is laid;  
Far, far below the weary camels lie,—

The camels, and the captives of thy raid;  
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

My father's wife is old, and harsh with years,  
The drudge of all my father's house am I.  
My bread is sorrow, and my drink is tears;  
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

RUDYARD KIPLING.



LOOKING NORTH, WITH THE AURES MOUNTAINS, BETWEEN WHICH, AT  
EL KAUTARA, IS THE "GOLDEN GATE OF THE DESERT"

so finely that it requires a microscope to separate the grains. With a strong wind, the particles flow in like water through every crack in house or raiment.

"As the Sahara presents a zone about a thousand miles wide, it can only be crossed by having recourse to watering-places at fixed points, which are just as necessary

## The Witchery of the Great Sahara

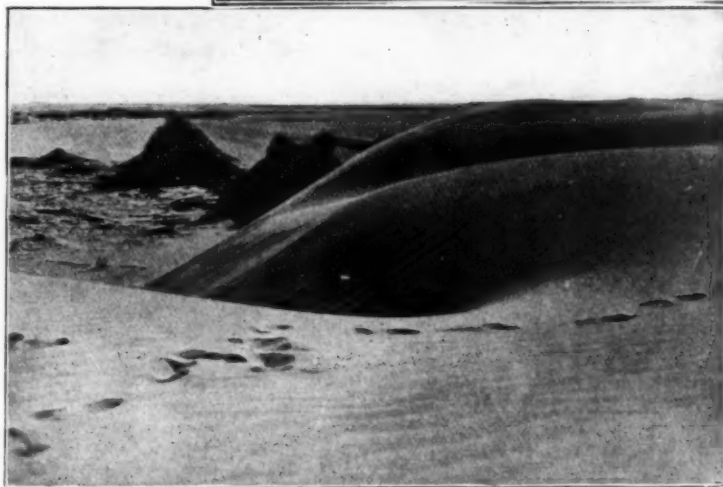


A MESSENGER FROM  
THE DESERT

as coaling-stations to steamers at sea. In fact, the more you contemplate the desert, the more you are struck by its similarities to an ocean. It has ports, islands, storms, pirates,

loneliness, and almost every other characteristic of the sea." — (*Tunisia*, by Herbert Vivian.)

In these days of travel, a visit to the desert is neither a lengthy nor a particularly costly undertaking. Probably more English people make acquaintance with desert scenery in



SAND DUNES IN THE SAHARA

SAND DUNES IN THE  
SAHARA

Egypt than elsewhere, but the journey to the Sahara is a shorter and less expensive one. The quickest route is overland to Marseilles, and from there by one of the excellent steamers of the Transatlantic Company to Philipville in Algeria. The passage lasts about thirty hours, and

## The Witchery of the Great Sahara

two hours' rail takes the traveller to the wonderful city of Constantine. Here he should stay a day or two. One day's journey by train from Constantine and Biskra is reached, two hours within the margin of the desert. Thus any one leaving London on, say, a Monday morning, could be actually in the desert on the afternoon of the following Thursday. Circular tickets at much-reduced fares and available for ninety days can be had through any tourist agency. They permit the return *via* Tunis. Of course Algiers and Oran can be

better hotels at Biskra, of whom I specially commend the courteous and helpful landlord of the Hotel Royal, Monsieur Bottachi, who speaks fluent English.

The arriving stranger is sure to be surprised by the fertility of the various oases he meets with. When I saw an oasis for the first time I expected little more than palm-trees and grass, but the ground was planted with a variety of fruit-trees, and healthy-looking crops were shooting up at the very edge of the sandy sea. A river, flowing above ground, was the cause of this



AMONGST THE SAND DUNES

included in the tour, but the colonies are far too large and too full of interest to be seen in one visit.

Arrived at Biskra, various trips into the desert can be arranged. Some of the tracks are available for driving, but riding is far pleasanter. With a reliable Arab servant who acts as guide and interpreter, and accompanied by an extra horse or mule for the baggage, delightful tours can be undertaken which will give a far better idea of native life than is possible in one day's excursion. There is no difficulty in getting all information from and making arrangements through any of the proprietors of the

fruitfulness, and from it an infinity of tiny rills had been stolen and coaxed into banked-up channels, intersecting the oasis in every direction. It has recently been stated by an American professor<sup>1</sup> that soil which requires and obtains artificial irrigation is more fertile than any, and his opinion is borne out not only in the oasis of Biskra, but on those huge tracts of now desert country in Tunisia, which in Roman times must have supported an enormous

<sup>1</sup> "Why Ancient Civilisation flourished in Arid Regions," by E. W. Hilgard, Professor of Agriculture in the University of California. *North American Review*, September 1902.

## The Witchery of the Great Sahara



GLISSADING DOWN A SAND DUNE IN THE DESERT

population, for the ruins of their dwellings cover the plain. The Romans had Biskra also in their keeping, as is clear from the remains of their fort, just on the fringe of the cultivated land.

Will the Sahara ever again be covered by sea, I wonder? The streams flow into, not out of it, and here and there are curious craters filled with salt water, which, the Arabs declare, rises and falls with the tides of the Mediterranean. To the south of Tunisia are immense salt lakes, and a proposal has often been made to connect these with the sea by a navigable channel. Will the Sahara slowly sink till the sea encroaches on its

own account, and once more alters the map of Africa?

On the edges of the streams and lakes in the desert the ground is white with salt. It is a well-known fact that all water contains some salt. One may well inquire, "Why then is the sea perceptibly salt and a lake apparently fresh?" Because, in order that the salt may be collected in sufficient quantities to be perceptible, there must be

no outlet for the water, which for many ages must be subject to evaporation. The streams of the desert drain away through the sand. The pools of the desert are



APPLES OF THE DESERT

Supposed to be the same poisonous fruit alluded to in the Bible, "There is death in the pot. This fruit is green and yellow in colour, and about the size of an orange.



## The Witchery of the Great Sahara



A RUINED OUTPOST IN THE DESERT

To the right may be seen some Roman masonry, the rest of the remains being Turkish.

supplied by springs or subterranean streams, and have no visible outlet. Thus the water, instead of hastening to the ocean, is either evaporated or makes its way beneath the ground towards other lakes—some of them veritable inland seas—in the desert.

## The Echo

CLOSE by the ivy-covered wall,  
Where the cedar spreads abroad his arms,  
Like a wizard working mysterious charms,  
And throws a shade that the fitful blast  
Flickers and stirs, as it hurries past,  
Making the ripe leaves fall;

It is there that an echo dwells;  
Who, full of his memories and thought,  
Repeats the word which his ear last caught,  
In a museful voice, of even tone,  
That seems to proceed from lips of stone,  
So cold its syllables.

And right willingly would I know  
Would he but tell, of the bliss and pain,  
The bitter loss and the pleasant gain,  
The old-world plans and the old-world ploys,  
The holy loves and the gentle joys  
That passed so long ago.

What dost thou ponder, museful ghost?  
Of eager, pattering, infant feet  
That were wont to awake thy still retreat,  
That grew in a strength to a manly stride,  
And sank to decrepit age and died  
In distance ever lost?

Or of voices that formerly filled  
Thy dwelling-place with their childish glee,  
Shaking the shade of thy cedar-tree;  
That slowly grew to a deeper note,  
And slowly died in a withered throat  
Ever and ever stilled?

Yet he answers not as I willed,  
But, even as one deep sunk in thought  
Repeats the words which the ear last caught.  
He echoes, "Grew to a deeper note,  
And slowly died in a withered throat,  
Ever and ever stilled."

Z.



# The Intriguers

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

## SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE story opens in an old inn in Paris in August 1714. There Rosamund Welby and her companion, Fräulein Groesbeck, are awaiting the arrival of Rupert Frayne, Rosamund's lover, whom she wants to detach from the Jacobite cause. In another room in the same hotel Gachette, Starbuck and Leicester North are hatching a Jacobite plot to intercept the new King of England, George I., on his way from Herrenhausen through Holland to London. They see a woman disappearing, and conclude that Rosamund Welby has been listening at the door.

Starbuck is the man chosen to go to Venlo and give the other conspirators warning of the route of the new King. On his way at night to meet them at Horst, he falls in with four armed horsemen, with whom he fights desperately. He is unhorsed and left for dead, after being deprived of important secret papers which he carried.

Rosamund Welby, remaining in Paris, is handed a letter, telling her that Rupert Frayne has been thrown from his horse and carried to a house at Vincennes. The bearer, whom she has previously seen in conversation with Leicester North and Gachette, offers to escort her to Vincennes in the conveyance which he has brought, and she goes with him. The carriage stops at the Château de Vincennes, which she enters, only to find that Rupert has never been there at all, and that she herself is a prisoner. Meantime Fräulein Groesbeck has persuaded Rupert Frayne to ride off to intercept on his own account the plotters and prevent the murder of the King. When she returns to the inn, she is horror-struck to find from Gachette that Rosamund has disappeared.

On Rupert's return, he announces to the Fräulein that the plot has failed, and that King George is safely on his way to England. Then he learns with horror of the disappearance of Rosamund, and vows that he will find her. Sitting in an inn at Vélizy, he overhears Dubois, the man who had carried off Rosamund, telling his story to his daughter's intended husband, from which he gathered that Leicester North had betrayed Rosamund's whereabouts. Then he puts up his servant-man, Silas Todd, to try to find out the secret of where Rosamund has been taken to. On his return to 'La Pomme d'Or' he finds Anna Groesbeck in tears, and learns from her that Rosamund's father has been drowned.

Silas soon makes friends with Jeanne Dubois, and gradually learns from her the place of Rosamund's imprisonment. He suggests to Rupert that it might be possible to obtain Jeanne's help in rescuing Rosamund, and adds that Jeanne's cousin, a master mason, is about to repair the roof at the Château de Vincennes. Silas then promises Jeanne a thousand louis for her father if he will help Rosamund to escape, and refrain from executing his warrant for the arrest of Rupert. The Governor of Vincennes tells Rosamund of the warrant for Rupert's arrest, and tries in vain to persuade her to obtain her own freedom by renouncing her love for him. But Rupert finds his way, disguised as a workman, to the roof of the Château, and in a short time Rosamund is free. She is lowered to Silas, who waits below.

Rupert and Rosamund then make their escape to England. A fortnight before the day fixed for their marriage, however, the Earl of Stair, British Ambassador in Paris, forwarded a document to the English Government, in which Rupert Frayne was charged with being concerned in a plot to assassinate the King of England. On the evening of his wedding-day, Rupert was arrested on this charge in his house at Fulham. For five months he lay in prison at Newgate, before being brought to trial.

His counsel, Mr. Hungerford, is convinced of his innocence, and sets himself to find out particulars about Gachette, who is one of the witnesses against him. When the trial began at the Old Bailey and Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General, stated the case against the prisoner, Rupert saw that the Government had been grossly misinformed about his ride to Holland from Paris.

The first witness to be called, said the Attorney-General, would be Mr. Glapthorne, a venerable gentleman in the service of the English Government in Paris. When he stepped into the box Rosamund, Rupert, and Silas recognised the man they had known as Monsieur Gachette. In cross-examination, Mr. Hungerford showed Gachette that he knew how he, the paid agent of the British Government, had accepted three thousand guineas from Jacobite leaders to assist in the "taking off" of King George.

This view is confirmed by Anna Groesbeck and by Starbuck himself, whom Gachette believed to be dead, but who testifies that he had travelled under the name of Rupert Frayne, and that Rupert was an innocent man. The trial ends in the acquittal of Rupert.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—A PLEASANT HOME

AS Rosamund stood trembling with emotion by Rupert's side, she whispered, "Oh! my darling. Oh! my love. You are innocent and you are free. Thank God! Thank God! While for you, sir," she said, turning round to Mr. Hungerford and endeavouring to take his hand, which

she was unable to do owing to the throng of people surging in the well of the court (which, except for the use of counsel, was unprovided with seats or benches), "Oh! what shall I say by way of thanks?"

"Madam," that clever lawyer said to her, endeavouring to push aside a man who was striving to thrust a small purse into his hand, so that he might retain his services

## The Intriguers

for his only son, who had been taken in the act of highway robbery on Hampstead Heath—"Madam, say nothing. Who," he continued, regarding her soft beauty, which still, after all her tribulation and all she had gone through during the two days of the trial, was as apparent as ever, "would not do his best for so happy a husband?" After which, and ere he could take either her hand or that of Rupert's, which was also endeavouring to clasp his, the crowd rolled in between and parted them.

For by this time, some of that crowd who were outside the court had, by dint of pushing and striving, managed to force their way inside, they getting in through the now unguarded stone passages; while those who had been there all day were endeavouring to get out by thrusting on one side those who were retiring, and also by dodging in between them and by elbowing the weak while carefully avoiding the strong. So that the lower part of the court, which had been full of a stationary mass of men and women during the trial, had now become, instead, one of struggling, contending humanity; some fighting for exit and some—the incoming ones—for the opportunity of getting close to Rupert Frayne and of shaking him by the hand or clapping him on the back. The warders too were powerless to contend with this new invasion or to do anything to prevent it from having its way. It had occurred to nobody in authority that, if the man being tried for his life should be acquitted, the desire to see him and to give him an ovation would assume any such proportion as this.

Still, therefore, the excitement continued, and in vain did Rupert cry for mercy for himself and his wife—for air!—for freedom to move! Altogether in vain did he do so. They would shake hands with him; more than one woman of the people would insist upon kissing Rosamund or, at least, grasping her hand; even Silas and Jeanne were besieged by a clamorous mob desirous of congratulating the hero and heroine of Rosamund's escape—as they called them—from a French prison.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of all the turmoil, amidst the shouts and cries and vociferations of all, there arose a louder, a fiercer shout, the cry of an enraged, uncontrollable mob—the cries of a mass of half-savage creatures baulked of their prey. For that mob had not only forced its way in, full of the determination of testifying their

satisfaction, by rude but cordial felicitations, to the man who was now absolved of a crime that he had not only never meditated, but, on the contrary, had endeavoured to prevent; but also with the desire to see the old arch-traitor dragged below to the cells and taken to the adjoining prison to await his trial.

It was, indeed, a fierce shout which arose, a shout that, commencing in a murmur, a whisper, a confused muttering, rose at last to what it now was, namely, a hoarse and bitter cry of rage and disappointment. For Gachette was not there, but, instead, had disappeared. He had escaped in the turmoil which succeeded the verdict! He had vanished! It could not be doubted that he had done so—no one could doubt that such was the case who observed two burly warders thrusting their way through the mass of people, dense though that mass was, while objugating all and every one as they did so.

"Where is he?" one of them cried, as, like some huge bull, he rushed among all present. "Where is he? Who is hiding him? Where is he?" While, still using superhuman efforts, he flung the people aside and away from him as some great ship flings aside the waves that its forefoot encounters as it tears through them.

"Heaven preserve us," cried the other warder, while doing much the same thing, "we are lost, undone. His lordship but now gave us orders to secure both him and Starbuck, and now he is gone. What shall we do? Where is he? Where?"

"Have you Starbuck? Have you him?" the people cried. "Have you him, at least?"

"Why, yes. We have him fast enough. He cannot escape. He can scarce walk. But the other, that old man! Where is he? Where is he?" the fellow bawled again, as though imagining that any in that court would shelter and protect such a one as Gachette—a spy, an informer! A vain imagining indeed, if it actually existed in his mind, since here, and amongst all the outcasts who now filled the place, none would be more likely to be hated and despised and roughly treated than such a man as that.

"My friend," said Rupert, to the warder who came nearest to him in his frantic efforts, efforts produced by the almost insane idea that some amongst that crowd would shield and protect any spy or informer, "he was here but a moment ago,

even as I stepped from the dock. How then can he by any means have escaped?"

"I know not for the means," said the fellow roughly, "but anyway he is gone. After him, you beggarly pack," he roared, addressing all indiscriminately, and oblivious of the fact that there still remained in the court (for the simple reason that they could not get out of it) many of the well-to-do and, in many cases, high-born individuals who had followed the trial; "after him, some of you, if you would win a reward. After him! A guinea, two guineas, three guineas shall not stand in the way if you bring him. After him; he cannot have got far."

And, in solemn truth, the old scoundrel had not got far, being at the present moment not three hundred yards from the Old Bailey. Yet, nevertheless, he had got so far that he was not only free from the warders—who were themselves preparing to hunt for him, accompanied by others they were impressing into the task, as well as by many of the mob who now surged forth out of the court with even more rapidity than they had previously used to get into it, all being intent on earning some one or two of those guineas that had been spoken of—but away from the immediate neighbourhood of the place. He was not three hundred yards from the court, yet already safe, or almost so. For, after diving down an alley that opened out of Newgate Street, he had rapidly pursued his way along it until he crossed behind the Fleet prison, and so got into Shoe Lane—the haunt then of many of the poor and outcast of London, and the place where many an ordinary was served for sixpence; where gin might be had for a penny a glass, and where rough-haired dogs marched up and down between the wooden tables so that the "guests" might clean their greasy fingers on the animals' backs.

He had escaped at the moment when the Judges rose, which they did immediately on the verdict being given, and when all eyes were fixed upon the acquitted prisoner and his wife. When, too, every one present rose at the same time as their lordships, and when the warders in the court had had their attention diverted from him—when, indeed, the chief warder had not yet received orders to detain him. Then, in the outgoing rush of those who wished to depart, and in the frantic confusion and struggling on the part of those who were striving to

get in, he had managed to gain the street and so to escape across the road to the alley opposite, while flinging his peruke down a drain in that alley even as he went rapidly along.

"For," he muttered to himself, "if I can but gain our lodging, I may still get off scot-free. They will follow me there, since all last night they guarded the door of the room they let me sleep in, but still I may get away by the roof and over the tiles to another house and so out of it, if that mad fool, Leicester North, will but help me. If he is not too crazy to assist in saving my life and his own!" But, even as he so muttered, he still crept along the dark deserted street, starting at every shadow thrown by the moon beneath the porches of doors or from pent-house roofs; starting, too, at a mongrel cur that sprang out at him from beneath a bulk, and next at a ribald song which suddenly rose beneath his feet from a cellar.

Still he went on, however, creeping round now to an alley at the back of Shoe Lane—a quiet place at this hour—an alley composed of high, old gabled houses that overlooked the Fleet prison, and with those houses upon only one side of it.

"If," he whispered to himself, "if it were not for the money in my valise I would never go back to it, never; but would, instead, escape out of London ere the dawn comes and so away into France. As for that madman, North, they might take him and welcome. Such crazed fools are best dead. But I must have the money. I must! Otherwise I have not the wherewithal to live. Oh! Jonathan Starbuck, if I had you here I would squeeze the little life out of you that is still left; I am strong enough for that, quite strong enough. And hers, too, that Dutch woman's. Hers, too. Curse them both. Curse all and every one."

He was outside a door now which opened into a dark, gloomy-looking house, a door that was never shut by night nor day, since in this place there dwelt many men and women who came in at all hours. Men and women whose business or occupations were never inquired about by those who took their rent, so long as that rent was forthcoming every Monday morning in advance. In advance, because this was no place where trust was given, and because also, no matter how well-to-do those persons might seem to be who harboured in the house, none could tell how

## The Intriguers



SLOWLY HE FELT HIS WAY TO THE  
TOP OF THE HOUSE

long they would be there. The thief-catchers came sometimes and took them; sometimes they were shot upon lonely heaths and outlying roads by persons who objected to being robbed in their coaches; more than one of those who had recently dwelt in this house were now swinging in chains on the open spaces round London, while scaring all who passed by with the creaking that those chains made as their dead bodies danced and pirouetted in the breeze.

There was no light in the passages of this wretched dwelling-place—in more ways

than one it was the abode of darkness!—no flickering lamp nor guttering rushlight helped to prevent those who passed up and down the unclean stairs, trodden so frequently by filthy and bespattered feet, from stumbling through the burst and broken boards. No light whatever to guide their feet, so that, if those who went up and down by night did not know of the ramshackle stairs, or, knowing, had forgotten the holes in them, they stood a good chance of breaking their legs or ankles. No light whatever on these stairs, though with gleams coming sometimes from beneath doors, or through chinks and crannies and keyholes, which told those outside who passed by that, inside those rooms, the forgers, or desperadoes in hiding, or the mumpers and beggars were all awake and on the alert.

"I must be quick and waste no time," murmured Gachette to himself as, slowly, he felt his way up to the top of the house—doing so by catching at each rail of the balustrade which he came to—when they were not all broken off, as was more often than not the case. "The moment they miss me I shall be followed here. Ah! if I had but escaped ere yesterday—then—then—they would never have known where to seek for me."

He was by now quite at the top of the darkened, evil-smelling and frowsy house, or rather, at the top with the exception of some garrets above to which a short flight of stairs led from the landing he had

now reached, and, even as he mused on how he might by good fortune escape from these garrets to the leads outside, there came a recollection to his mind which caused him to gasp with superstitious fear.

"The room I have harboured in here, but shall never occupy again, resembles in its situation that room in 'La Pomme d'Or.' That room where I—where we were spied on, overheard, betrayed. Is this one to be equally as fateful to me now?" Then summoning up, endeavouring to summon up, the courage which he needed so much at this moment, at this terrible



## The Intriguers

moment of his life, he muttered, "Bah! if I am but quick—and what I have to do will not take long!—I can be out of the house the same way as I came, and off ere they can get here."

Wherefore he ran his hand down the panel of the door until it reached the catch, when, lifting it, and discovering as he did so that the door had not been locked, he entered the room, which was in entire darkness.

"Leicester," he whispered, "Leicester North—Leicester—are you here?"

"Yes," answered the voice of him whom he addressed—and Gachette noticed that the other did not whisper, but spoke in a firm though not a loud tone. "Yes, I am here. Is the trial over?"

"It is over. Frayne is—curse him!—acquitted. And we are blown upon. Starbuck and the woman Groesbeck were sprung upon the prosecution and—told—all."

Then to Gachette's surprise—to his horror—he heard issue from North's lips the words: "Starbuck alive—and has told all. Thank God."

"Thank God!" the old man repeated after the other. "Thank God! Why do you say that, you fool? What are you thanking God for? That they are free—safe? Is that it? And we, in consequence, as near the halter as we have ever been or ever shall be again. Is that it?"

All the time he spoke he had been groping his way towards where his bed was, North's being on the opposite side of the room, and was by now upon his knees and dragging hastily from under the bed the valise in which he had left his money, while, as he fumbled in his pockets for the key, he said to the other:

"Light the lamp—why do you leave me in the darkness thus? Light it, I say."

"There is no oil. It is consumed. And you need no lamp; look towards the east. It is flushed and flecked with yellow and red. The dawn is coming. In half-an-hour the day will be here."

"Vengeance confound you—you fool! In half-an-hour, indeed! Do you not understand? I have escaped from the court—yet—I shall be followed—we shall be followed—taken. We must away at once. What are you doing?" he cried suddenly and in a louder tone, an even more sharp one now. "What are you moving for? Where are you? What are you doing behind me? Speak!" while, as Gachette

himself spoke, he peered through what was still the darkness of the night towards where he heard the other moving stealthily.

"I am locking the door—we need no interruption."

"Madman! Imbecile! 'No interruption!' I tell you they will be here almost at once. They will soon interrupt us if we are not gone. The old and rotten door will not keep them out."

Yet as he spoke to the other he was still engaged in ransacking his valise, he having managed to find the keyhole and to insert and turn the key. Then, while now there was stealing into the room the dead grey light—the cold, death-like greyness which ever precedes the dawn—he thrust his hands deep into the clothes and linen with which the trunk was filled, and drew forth, first, his shagreen case, and next, a small bag of gold. After which he said, "We are safe, North. We are safe. There is no sign of them in the street below, is there? I can hear nothing. We are safe. Come, unlock the door and let us go."

"No" replied North. "No, not yet. There is still something to be done. Not much, but—still—something. While for the key—observe." Then, ere Gachette could do more than stare affrightedly at the other in the dawning light, North advanced to the window, which opened on to a small stone balcony projecting a foot or so from the floor, and, in that way, over the alley. He advanced to that window, and, flinging it open, hurled the key of the room down to the cobble-stones below, upon which, a moment later, they heard the iron ring.

"The lock is not so rusty nor so rotten as you deem it," he said; "and, if it will not prevent the officers from breaking in, it will nevertheless prevent you from breaking out and escaping from them. Unless," he continued with a bitter laugh—a wild, maniacal laugh, "you elect to go that way." And he pointed to the way the key had gone.

While Gachette, paralysed with fear and terror, observed, as he stole a glance at the other's face in the light of the swift-coming day, that he had now to do with a man who appeared to be no longer sane.

CHAPTER XXIX.—"THE GODS NEVER FORGIVE NOR DO THEY OFTEN FORGET"

"I HAVE been in that court on both days," said North, as he stood before Gachette, "and at last I know you for what you truly are. For a sordid knave,

## The Intriguers

a Hanoverian spy and plotter one day, a Jacobite spy and plotter on the next; while I, weak fool that I was, deemed that I had to do with—an honest gentleman whose heart and soul was devoted to the Stuart cause."

"My true feelings—my hopes," quavered Gachette, even as he trembled all over, "were always with the Stuarts. I did but serve the Government for—for——"

"For that," cried North, pointing at the bag of money which the old man held in his hand. "For that. It is doubtless Hanoverian gold; it is, perhaps, George's gold," and in a moment he had snatched at and seized it in his own grasp. "Observe," he said a moment later—while now the dawn was so far arrived that everything in the room stood clearly out, whereby the gleam in his eyes was perfectly visible to the old man cowering by the door, as were, too, his disordered, wretched clothes and his unkempt hair, now flecked with grey—"come to the window. Look forth. Come, I say." While as he spoke he thrust open each side of the window, which was a long one opening in the middle. "Come, I say. Look down."

But Gachette would not go to him, and shrunk even further back towards the door at the other end of the room, wherefore Leicester North continued, while standing with one foot out upon the balcony and with his body outlined against the purple-leadен clouds that were slowly dispersing before the swift-rising summer sun—

"This alley is full of people—poor people, some, thieves, some, scoundrels, some; others, honest working folks, but all poor—horribly, bitterly poor. Also, below, at our feet, little children pass out at dawn to their work. This bag," and he held it up in his hand, "will be a godsend to the first who passes by and finds it. Will it not?"

"Leicester! Leicester!" the old man gasped, "deprive me not of it. It is my all. Not much, but all I have. And—and—I am old. I cannot work."

"You lie as you have ever lied. You have your bill-case. Yet," he muttered, "you will not want that either." Then, more loudly, he said, "See—it goes to those below—it is gone. The accursed Hanoverian gold is yours no longer. It may now fall into clean hands." While, as North spoke, he loosed the bag and let it fall to the stones below.

With a bitter cry—a cry half of rage, half of despair—Gachette sprang forward to the window and, resting his hands upon the stone rail of the low balcony (since now his fear of North had vanished, was engulfed in the misery of his loss), peered over into the depth below and saw, as he did so, that the bag had burst in its contact with the stones and that the gold had escaped from it. Even in the shadows of the night, which still hung about the lower part of the houses and still made a dusky veil between them and the blank wall opposite, he could see the great pieces—the double louis d'or, the three pounds twelve shillings English gold pieces, and others—lying some in a mass together, and some bespangling the stones on the spots to which they had rolled.

"Ah!" he murmured, or rather snarled, "you have ruined me. Vengeance confound you! Yet," he added, remembering his danger and realising that ere long he must be sought for here, where it was known he lodged, since on the previous night a warder had sat outside his door all through the long hours—"yet, let me go—let us go at once, and I will not reproach you. No! Never. And—and—and," he stammered—"even now, if we hasten, we may recover some of that gold. Dear Leicester, you do but gibe at me."

"Sit down," said the other, interrupting him, "or, if you will not sit, stay where you are and hear me. As for your accursed gold, let it be. You will never possess it again. Already I hear sounds in the alley, some are arising—I heard a window open but now—soon it will be seen. What a feast will they make to-day who find that gold—that Judas gold!—how they will drink and feed until it is all gone. Will they not—spy?" And as he spoke he came a step nearer to the old man.

"You are mad. You have become demented," Gachette whispered, while shrinking away from him once more. "Oh! Leicester, what ails you? Your eyes are wild and staring, you are not yourself——"

"Listen to me," said North, sternly, and still he stood towering over the other. "Listen, and be still. If I am mad 'tis you who have helped to make me so. You—you."

"Never—never," whimpered Gachette. "Always have I been your friend."

"You lie. You worked upon me in your assumed garb of Stuart adherent, your



## The Intriguers



"THIS BAG WILL BE A GODSEND TO THE FIRST WHO PASSES BY AND FINDS IT"

assumed character of honest, clean-souled Jacobite, until you made me go hand in hand with you in your most foul and filthy schemes. Man-bartering, money-grubbing, chaffering villain—do you know what you have done with me, what you have made of me? Of me!" he repeated with a wail, "a man who was once a gentleman; of one

who was never false to friend or cause, nor treacherous even to an enemy."

"Leicester, you are mad—you wrong me. And—and," Gachette whispered through white lips, "they will be here, they must be here ere long—to take us both."

"Let them come. I await them. Yet

## The Intriguers

ere they do so, hear me. You—you who were Hanoverian on one side, Jacobite on the other, and for dress alone; what have you done to me? You have slain a soul. You made me—with your lies and intrigues—false to, a betrayer of, an innocent girl—a girl whose father was the only creature in all the world who would speak kindly to me. The only man who sheltered me, who gave me to eat of his dish and to drink of his cup; the girl who welcomed me, who spoke with pity to me—from whose eyes the tears would fall in sorrow for me and my lot. And I betrayed her—I helped to betray her—to send her to a living death—to part her from her lover—to put him in deadly peril at your instigation. Because—because—I believed you, because you told me that the King—my King—James—had sent me words of thanks, had bidden me pursue my course and serve him. My King! yet send me word through such as you. You—whom I now know to be a treacherous dog, you whom he would have spurned from his doors.

"Hark," he said, breaking off, "hark! What is that? Is it the officers come to drag us to Newgate? Is it——"

"Spare me. Spare me," shrieked Gachette. "Oh! save me."

"Nay," said Leicester North, looking down from the open window, "it is not they who come yet. Not yet. Instead, it is some who have found the money. Surely they would not touch it if they knew from whose hands it comes. From yours!"

Such might indeed be as the frenzied man said, since those who had issued forth from their houses at this early hour (and it was not yet quite four o'clock) could have been none but hard-working, labouring men and craftsmen. Yet, whether this were so or not, at least the hubbub which they made, the cries which they uttered, as, rapidly, they pounced upon gold piece after gold piece scattered about on the stones of the alley, as well as their call to those they had left behind indoors, soon sufficed to rouse the whole street into a state of wakefulness. Consequently, ere ten minutes had passed, there could scarcely have been a sleeper left in those houses, nor one person who was not consumed with a burning desire to be out in the alley gathering some of the golden harvest. At every front window, as each was thrown open one after the other, appeared the figures of men and

women huddling on their wretched garments however slightly, so that they, too, might rush down to obtain some portion of the spoil. Yet, soon, all recognised that their efforts must be useless and were therefore no longer worth the making; they perceived that of all the gold which had been scattered from that burst bag there was not now one piece left unappropriated. After which all heads were craned out of the windows and all eyes directed along the sides of neighbouring houses to see whence could have fallen, or been cast forth by some infuriate madman, so rich a prize.

What those were able to see who thus thrust forth their heads and shoulders sufficiently far to enable them to obtain a side glance of the window whence the bag had fallen, was a tall, gaunt man, as poorly clad as they themselves were clad by day, down whose shoulders hung long grizzled locks that seemed prematurely grey, and from whose eyes there shot a glance of frenzied exaltation.

"He is mad," they cried one to another. "He is distraught. Who is it? One of us, afraid to keep the gold he has gotten by chance, or some gambler who has become demented over his winnings? Or has he in truth dropped the spoils unwittingly?"

So they slammed to the rickety windows of their hiding-places and lodgings, and were preparing for their beds again, there to sleep through the day—since the night, with all its darkness, was the time for them to be awake and abroad—when once more there arose a disturbance that threatened to end their broken slumbers finally. At the entrance to the alley there came now a noisy crowd composed of scores of men, and having in its midst, though well to the front, some warders from Newgate as well as some watchmen, and two or three Bow Street runners. And those who looked behind this mob as it rushed into and filled the alley, saw also that behind them was a hackney coach, out of which there looked forth the eyes of a gentleman and three ladies, while alongside of the driver sat another gentleman, large and brave-looking.

"Observe," said Leicester North, perceiving all this as he turned round from the balcony to where Gachette now grovelled at his feet inside the room; "they come to take us. At last, at last. All is therefore well. 'Tis a goodly company to see us trapped. For, behold, our

victims are come, too. Rupert Frayne is behind in a coach, so also is his wife; so, too, is the Dutchwoman. 'Tis their day now, not ours!" and he laughed so long and stridently that all below heard him and cast their eyes upwards to where the gaunt form stood out prominently in the bright sunshine of the early morning. Nor, hearing that laugh and seeing, too, the wild, misty look in his eyes, could any of them doubt that they gazed upon one who, if not a maniac, was at least a man demented.

"You hear," he continued to Gachette, "you hear their voices; do you not also hear what they say? Listen! One avers to another that they would have been here long since only they had first to find a magistrate to issue the warrant for our—nay, I do wrong myself, since they speak not of me—for your apprehension. They say also that they will have you out of this, even though they pull the house down. Do you hear, spy, informer? Do you hear—you, the obtainer of *lettres de cachet* from corrupt French ministers—you! betrayer of innocent women to lonely foreign prisons, to death in life?"

"I will never be taken alive," hissed Gachette, "never! You carry a weapon; give me your spadron—let me slay myself."

"What! and rob Ketch and the mob who will follow you to Tyburn? Imperil, too, my own soul by helping you to self-slaughter? Nay, never. Ha!" he cried, breaking off, "do you hear that now? Some are in the house—they are mounting the stairs—you cannot fail to hear the tramp of their feet nor their cries and shouts. Courage! Courage! Be a man. Think of others whom you have betrayed; of others, and innocent ones, too, sent to their doom by you. Yet they died bravely. Think, too," he continued, and now his face was bent down to the wretched man's below him, so that the latter could see his livid lips all flecked with foam and his awful staring eyes, with, in them, the glitter of frenzy and despair—perhaps, too, of remorse—"how they await you in another world, and so go to meet them bravely."

"I will never be taken alive," cried Gachette again, in strident tones. "Never. Help me; give me one last chance. Only one. Let me out of this room, there are garrets above, and thus I may escape to another house. Help me to burst open the

door, I say." While, as he spoke, he sprang at North's throat as though, notwithstanding his age, he was not too feeble to struggle with him.

Yet—and even in his hour of agony he found himself wondering that it should be so—he discovered that the half-starved, emaciated and gaunt scarecrow was, nevertheless, a man of iron sinew and muscle. In a moment his hands were torn from North's throat, in another he was hurled breathless and panting against the wall, while he who had once been his tool stood regarding him mockingly, defiantly; no longer a victim, but an avenger.

"The door," North said, "will never be opened until they break it down from the outside. And that they must do ere many more minutes have passed. You can surely hear them! They have passed the second landing—there is one more, and—then—this."

With a shriek Gachette fled to the balcony, and stood glaring round him and up and down the houses on either side of that in which he was, while glancing up next to where the garrets were overhead. At this moment, as he was seen by those below and also by many hanging half out of their windows in other houses, there arose a yell, a hoarse, piercing cry from all.

"The spy. The false witness. The man who would have hung the innocent," they cried. "Behold him!" Then, suddenly, their words as well as their tones changed, while a moment afterwards their voices became almost hushed with amazement—with, perhaps, horror.

For now they saw that this man, old as he was, had taken a desperate resolve, and that he was about to endeavour to clamber up to the garrets above him, from which, as they guessed, or rather comprehended, he might be able to attain the roof through a trap-door and so make his escape out of another house. Yet, even as they reflected thus, they stood gazing up—horrified—petrified by what they saw.

Gachette had sprung on to the two-foot high ledge of the small balcony, and, by the aid of the frame of the windows which opened outwards from the room to it, was endeavouring to reach the rain-pipe that ran beneath the slanting roof in which the garret windows were. It almost seemed, too, that he would attain his object and that, when he should have drawn himself up sufficiently by the rain-water pipe, he

## The Intriguers

would be able to throw a hand over the sill of the garret-window and thus draw himself up finally to that.

But the mob below saw something else, also, even as they shouted and cried to the old man, telling him that his efforts were useless; that the street was surrounded, back and front, and that, even though he should descend through another house a dozen numbers off from the one where he was, he could never escape. They would have him somehow, of that they were resolved, even though men should be posted at the back and front doors of every house in the alley. But, as they so cried, they saw that which thrilled and excited them more than all else; they saw the weird, gaunt man who had been standing half in the room and half on the balcony during all the time which had passed since they came there, gesticulating wildly, and, when Gachette seemed to be winning his way to the sill of the garret-window at last, clutching at his legs as though thereby to frustrate his only chance of escape. They heard, too, that infuriated man's words as some of them, uttered in a harsh, raucous voice, penetrated down to where they stood; they heard North again call the other "spy" and "denouncer of the innocent." And then—then—all of them scattered as sheep scatter when the lightning rives the clouds and strikes down into the earth in their midst; all fled pell-mell from beneath that window, falling over each other in their eagerness to escape from what was rushing down towards them from above.

The rain-water pipe had given way in the old man's hands, being unable to bear the weight thrown on to it, while he, in falling, had struck heavily against Leicester North and, in doing so, had hurled him off the low-ledged balcony, so that, together, they fell swiftly down to the stones of the street, the pipe being still grasped in Gachette's hand. And, above, upon the balcony where but a few moments before both of the now dead men had been, nothing was now to be seen but the white faces of the two warders who, at the moment of the fall, had burst open the door of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was at Broom House, at Fulham, that a little feast was made some days later in celebration of Rupert's acquittal, at which were

present most of those who had contributed to his deliverance. Indeed, as Mr. Hungerford (who was once more resplendent in scarlet and wore, for his steinkirk, a splendid piece of lace which had once graced the neck of a Stuart King and had been presented to him by Rosamund) said, "It was an international banquet." And so, indeed, it was, since he, who sat at the right hand of his hostess, saw opposite to him Anna Groesbeck upon Rupert's right, while Jeanne, you may be very sure, sat as close as might be to Silas, who had that morning become her husband. And there was also another foreigner there; the grave and sober man who had given his daughter to the ex-cuirassier earlier in the day. This was Dubois, the exempt, who had not been persuaded to grace the feast without very considerable exertions on the part of every one else.

"For, *figurez vous, madame*," he had said to Rosamund more than once, ere he could be induced to attend this rejoicing. "I am a scoundrel—*un luron*. When I conducted you to Vincennes there was not a moment in which I did not meditate imploring you to return, and begging of you to let me order the coachman to drive back to Paris. Yet it was the work I lived by. I thank God," he said, "that I am no longer an exempt. Perhaps some day you will pardon me for what I did."

"I have pardoned you, Monsieur Dubois," Rosamund replied. "I could do no less when I heard the evidence you gave against that bad old man at the end of the trial. Nay, more, who could refuse pardon to *her* father?" and Rosamund's soft eyes rested on Jeanne as she spoke.

"One must earn their bread by the calling they have chosen," remarked Mr. Hungerford, who was standing by when this conversation took place, and speaking in his usual light tones. "I defended Mr. Frayne a few days ago, but if the respected Gachette were still alive and required a counsel, I think that I should defend him too. We are both men of the law."

But now the end of the feast was at hand, toasts were to be proposed wishing each of the newly-married couples health and prosperity—though, as was the custom then and long before, there was one that took precedence of even these.

"My friends," said Mr. Hungerford, rising with his glass in his hand, "we will drink the health of the King. I am a subject



## The Intriguers



WHEREUPON RUPERT FRAYNE, HOLDING HIS GLASS ON HIGH, DRANK THE HEALTH OF THE KING

of King George, Monsieur Dubois is a subject of King Louis. Let us," he said, casting his eye around and upon all, "drink the health of our respective Kings."

"Drink, an you love me," whispered Rosamund to her husband—or perhaps she said it with her eyes. "For my sake, drink."

Whereupon Rupert Frayne, holding his glass on high, drank the health of the King.

Whether it was that of George or James

does not matter now, since there hangs in the picture gallery of the family seat a portrait of his eldest son in the uniform of an English admiral, and another of his second son in the robes of an English judge. So that all unkindness, however bitter it may have been, was undoubtedly buried at last, and those of his race have ever since served England well. Which is a thing rebels and malcontents have never been in the habit of doing, and do not do even to this present day.

THE END.

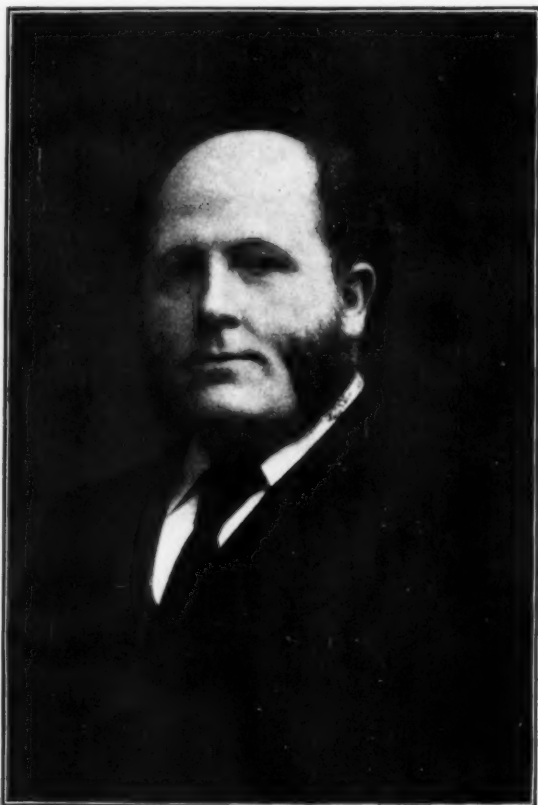
## The Five Hundredth Anniversary of the Stationers' Company

IT was a brilliant and representative gathering that sat down to dinner at the invitation of the Master and Wardens and Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Stationers on an evening in June of the present year to celebrate the Company's 500th anniversary. The Church was represented by the Archbishops of Canterbury and Armagh, the Bishop of Massachusetts, the Dean of Canterbury, and others; literature by such men as Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Zangwill, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Sidney Lee, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, Major Martin Hume, and Mr. Henry Newbolt; science by Lord

Kelvin, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir A. W. Rücker, and Sir W. H. Preece; art by Sir W. B. Richmond and Professor von Herkomer; music by Sir Hubert Parry; the great publishing houses by Mr. John Murray, Mr. G. A. Macmillan, and the great printing firms by Mr. C. F. Clay, Mr. W. C. Knight Clowes, Mr. Walter Hazell, Mr. Blades; while such well-known public men as Lord Goschen, Sir F. Lugard, Admiral Bowden-Smith, Mr. G. E. Buckle, and Mr. Arnold-Forster were also present.

An interesting review of the history of the Company was given by the Master, Mr. John Miles. He said that they were celebrating not merely their 500th anniversary, but that of the introduction into this kingdom of that art which had done more than any other to promote the happiness of the human race and to improve it. Founded as a trade brotherhood or guild in 1403, the Company obtained in 1556 a Charter from the Crown. The Company had always maintained its character as a trade guild, no person being admitted to membership unless connected with its trade or born free, and the name of almost every printer and publisher of note from the invention of printing onwards would be found among its roll of members.

He presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Patron of the Company, a copy of the smallest Bible printed at the Oxford University Press, and recalled the fact that the motto of the Company is "Verbum Domini manet in æternum" (the word of the Lord endureth for ever). He mentioned that a copy of the Bible is presented to every young apprentice of the Company when he comes to Stationers' Hall to be bound to a member of the Company to learn his trade. "The Divine precepts of this Book," said the Master, "we believe to be the surest foundation of success, and



ALDERMAN STRONG

Present Master of the Stationers' Company





THE GREAT HALL, STATIONERS' COMPANY

## The Five Hundredth Anniversary of the Stationers' Company

we seek to instil that belief into our apprentices."

The Archbishop, in a genial reply to the toast of his health, contrasted the repressive attitude of the Church to literature in olden times with its attitude to-day. On the whole he thought the change was for the better, though he had the sympathy of his audience largely with him when he gently hinted that it might not be a bad thing if some of the "literature" of to-day was committed to the flames.

There is indeed, no doubt, that however excellent the first beginnings of the Stationers' Company were in 1403, its Charter was granted by Philip and Mary with a distinctly repressive and intolerant aim. The whole story is well told by the present able Clerk of the Company, Mr. C. R. Rivington, in his *Short Account*. The preface to the Charter states that—

"We considering and manifestly perceiving that certain seditious and heretical books, rhymes, and treatises are daily published and printed by divers scandalous, malicious, schismatical, and heretical persons, not only moving our subjects and lieges to sedition and disobedience against us, our Crown and dignity, but also to renew and move very great and detestable heresies against the faith and sound doctrine of Holy Mother Church, and wishing to provide a suitable remedy in this behalf,"

grant incorporation to the Company. The Charter prohibits any person from printing within the realm without the licence of the Company, except patentees, and grants power to the Company to search, seize, and destroy or appropriate all unlicensed books.

The Charter was fully acted upon, and for many years the Stationers' Company was the agent of tyrannical governments, civil and ecclesiastical, in checking the freedom of the Press. In the garden outside its famous Hall many "heretical" books were burned (see the article on "Some Bunyan Entries at Stationers' Hall" in *The Leisure Hour*, May 1903, p. 577).

The records of the Company cast many interesting sidelights on English history, and especially on the struggles for popular rights. Thomas Hobbes, for instance, the philosopher of Malmesbury, had incurred the displeasure of ecclesiastical and other authorities for his fearless statements, notably for his criticisms of "unpleasing priests" and the Pope's "army of lusty bachelors." In the reign of Charles II. his great work *Leviathan* was condemned. At Stationers' Hall may be seen the

warrant signed by Humphrey Henchman, Bishop of London, December 1673, requiring the Stationers' Company "to damask or obliterate whatsoever sheets you have seized of a book intitled *Leviathan*."

In 1614, the Company's records inform us, Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* was suppressed by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Another famous writer of the Stuart period was William Prynne. By his outspoken criticisms of the High Church clergy he incurred the displeasure of Laud, and by his book entitled *Histrio-Mastix*, or Player's Scourge, with its attack on the theatre, he gave offence to the Court. At the instance of Laud, he was prosecuted before the Star Chamber. The sentence, which was fully carried out, was that he should pay a fine of £5000, stand twice in the pillory, lose his ears, and have his book burnt by the common hangman. In 1634, according to the records of Stationers' Hall, his book *Histrio-Mastix* was ordered to be erased out of the entrance book of copies by Mr. Attorney Noy. For another publication of his he was again fined, and imprisoned and branded on both cheeks "S.L." (Seditious Libeller). But the cruelties of Laud and the Star Chamber had other effects than they dreamed of. Intended to crush free speech, they only fanned the flame of popular indignation. Prynne and his fellow-victims in 1637 were hailed as martyrs. "A hundred thousand Londoners," says Green, "lined the road as they passed on the way to prison; and the journey of these 'Martyrs' was like a triumphal progress." Within four years the Star Chamber was abolished, and within eight years Laud himself was beheaded.

We breathe a freer air to-day. And the Stationers' Company, instead of being an agency for repressing the rights of the individual and the freedom of the Press, acts rather for the protection of both. The author or publisher who desires to protect his copyright finds it to his advantage to have his book registered at Stationers' Hall. Its register of books, going back for four hundred years, supplies a permanent record of the subjects which in these most momentous centuries of English history were occupying men's minds.

And, with the modern development of photography, there is a new interest and another valuable aid to history. For in 1862

## The Five Hundredth Anniversary of the Stationers' Company



THE MASTER'S BADGE, STATIONERS' COMPANY

a register of photographs was commenced, and this really contains a daily history of the country—of its most prominent men and of its most interesting events—during the period from that year until to-day.

"*VERBUM DEI MANET IN ÆTERNUM*," says Carlyle, "was the epigraph and life-motto which John the Steadfast had adopted for himself. The letters V.D.M.I.Æ. were engraved on all the furniture of his existence, standards, pictures, plate, on the very

sleeves of his lackeys, and I can perceive on his own deep heart first of all." So may the motto of the Stationers' Company long be the true inspiration and inmost conviction of all its members. May all who write books, all who print, all who publish, all who sell them, and all who read them, remember that it is only in proportion as the truth and purity and love of God breathe through them that they shall really endure. *Verbum Domini Manet in Æternum.*

## A Terrible Ten Minutes

BY M. B. MANWELL

"IRIS! You're a dream! I never could have thought a sister of mine would look so supremely beautiful!" With a burst of wild admiration, Mrs. Jenny Lorimer gazed transfixed at the youthful "spin," fresh from the green heart of England, and arrayed for the great Durbar in which the White Mother was to be proclaimed Empress of India.

Round about and up and down the Empire a mighty excitement was simmering. The biggest event of the white man's rule was imminent.

In the district where Archie Lorimer was to represent British Majesty, eager enthusiasm prevailed.

"We are only a handful of whites, when all's said and done; but you are the pearl among us, Iris!" convincingly said Jenny. "Philip Somerset's head will be turned, to-day; and as for young Langley, I pity him truly!"

The slenderly-straight, dainty "spin" Jenny likened to a pearl flushed faintly, and her dimpled face hardened suddenly at the last name.

"I don't think young Langley needs your pity, Jenny!" she said coldly.

Then Iris, with the freemasonry existing between sisters, turned and calmly surveyed her own youthful self, from head to foot, in the long mirror.

What she saw was a tall, slender form in a shimmer of white and silver and pearls; a small, rose-flushed face crowned with gleaming hair; and loosely down-hanging arms.

The vision was fair exceedingly; so fair that a moonlight smile trembled round her pathetic mouth; then it fled.

What was the use of being fair, she was dully asking herself, when the eyes that should have mirrored her fairness were studiously averted from its glamour?

Jem Langley had loved Iris Hamilton from her childhood, but he had never said so in words.

Poor and proud, he would not stand in the way of the girl making a brilliant marriage, so he locked his secret away.

In the same regiment as himself Philip Somerset was his senior—and Philip was

a gold-mine, so to say. There was nothing for it, then, but that Jem should shrink away into the background, when all eyes could see plainly that the rich man's heart was waiting to be laid at the slender feet of the young beauty who had come out to India to make her home with Jenny Lorimer, her married sister, and the lively wife of the highest Indian civilian in the district. Jenny, herself a born matchmaker, had been none too pleased when Jem Langley, the old friend of her childhood and that of Iris, was drafted to the station, for Jenny had other views for the beautiful young "spin."

"Philip Somerset will speak out to-day—he can't help doing so!" mused she, summing up her youthful sister's loveliness while the two ladies waited for their carriage.

The burning air quivered with the roll of thundering guns, varied by the fanfare of trumpets; the ceaseless thud of the martial tramp of incoming troops; the blare of British military bands mingling with native tomtoms and reverberating shouts of command. A very Babel surged round the palace where the Durbar was to take place.

"I believe you are positively frightened, Iris!" Jenny laughed gleefully as the carriage neared the stately palace, with its gates and its tiers of watch-towers blazing vermilion and gold in the fierce sunlight.

The human hurly-burly was at its height, and the cheeks of the young English girl had gone snow-white as the sisters plunged through the glittering mass of native rajahs and their followings.

But Jenny Lorimer was in her element. "See!" She craned her pretty neck. "There's the state-carriage, with my good old sobersides of an Archie in it!"

She clapped her hands as the gorgeous state-carriage clattered past them, the British representative in it being greeted on all sides by royal salutes roared out from cannons' throats.

A few minutes later, the sisters joined the little group of whites almost lost among the gorgeous multitude of natives in the magnificent Durbar hall. But the Europeans had the place of honour close to the great gold throne supported by lions, on

## A Terrible Ten Minutes

either side of which the sun was rising in gold on the red, lacquered walls.

"It blinds me, Jenny!" murmured Iris, shutting her eyes involuntarily.

When she opened them again it was to meet a blaze of undisguised admiration from those of Philip Somerset.

"This great day is now crowned, since the sun of your beauty shines upon it," he edged close to her to whisper boldly, and Iris shrank as a flower quails before the hot glances of the sun.

At the moment, the native attendants carried aloft trays of flowers and costly sweetmeats, to adorn and to tempt the white portion of the assemblage.

At a sign from a mighty rajah, one of these attendants placed exquisite garlands round the necks of the beautiful English women, then round their arms and their very thumbs.

"You are my queen, to-day!" came the passionate whisper, and Captain Somerset's voice shook with irrepressible admiration, while his eyes gazed worshippingly on the girlish loveliness of Iris.

On the outskirts of the group of Europeans, as far off as he could shrink, Jem Langley was watching wistfully the progress of the love-comedy, that to him was a love-tragedy.

His paradise was drifting, drifting out of reach.

The poor man must step back, elbowed off by the rich man.

"What a thing money is!" he muttered, gripping his sword-hilt until his knuckles nearly cut through the whitening skin.

Then Jem looked desperately at the shining blaze of diamonds, and the gold trappings that weighed down the wearers in the mighty throng of rajahs and princes. The air of the Durbar hall reeked with gold. The gems encrusting but one of these native chiefs would have given him, Jem, the right to ask for the heart of Iris Hamilton.

It was too hard for words, he told himself, with a dull pang, as the group of whites closed in around Archie Lorimer, who, representing Britain, stood with one foot on the step of the gold throne, to deliver the royal and imperial speech.

It was a great moment in the history of the Empire!

Even frivolous Jenny Lorimer was sobered, and laid her hand on the arm of the trembling, flower-decked Iris, as on the great

stillness fell the resonant, English-speaking voice of the highest civilian.

Half-way through, the speech from the throne was cut in twain by a terrific sound, a blast of noises from outside, and Jenny's clutch tightened involuntarily. Through the open jhilmils came a mighty roar and rush of men and steeds, a deafening clatter of a thousand swords and weapons, an on-coming avalanche or human sea let loose against the walls of the palace.

While God's sun rises, day after day, on God's earth, the great Mutiny can never die in men's memories. And now its recollection up-sprang, alert and expectant. Its awful warnings are never, at any time, altogether absent from the white man's mind, in which an underlying dread exists of a recurrence of that second blackest of the world's treacheries.

Not one soul, white or coloured, standing in the blaze of the magnificent Durbar doubted but that another planned Mutiny was sprung upon the British.

Yes, it had come, that dark dread ever shadowing the sunlight of India!

Each man involuntarily turned to his heart's dearest. Archie Lorimer hastily descended from the step of the throne to throw his arm round his wife.

The women, blanched with fear, almost slipping in sick dread to the floor, clutched at their men-folk.

The native princes and jewelled rajahs, with furtive terror, looked at each other, their eyes flashing their belief, likewise, that the uproar meant treachery and peril.

Moved by one common thought, these loyal chiefs ranged themselves in a glittering human lane. All honour to the Great White Mother's dusky sons, they meant to be the first to meet the coming danger, and bear the brunt!

Amid the flower-decked handful of whites, officers and ladies, stood Iris Hamilton alone, her face more snowy than the flower-garlands decking her person.

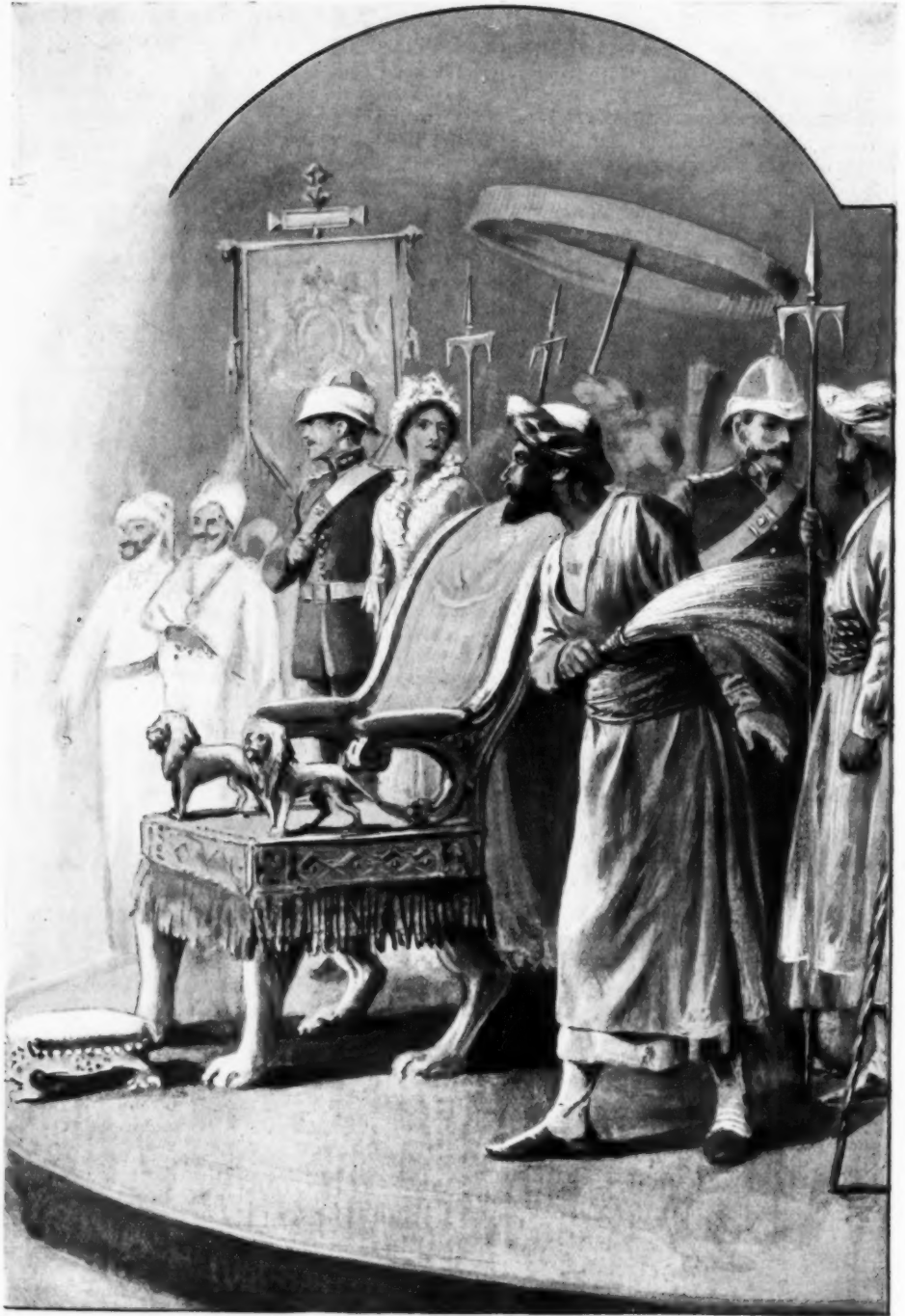
A terrible thought leaped into Jem Langley's mind.

Were they all, Iris and the rest, decked thus as sheep adorned for the sacrifice?

Was the old tragedy of blood to be re-enacted on this day of days?

"Iris!" Lashed by the fear he pressed forward to the stunned girl's side, every thought forgotten in the paralysing peril of each white woman and man. "Iris, dear heart! Be brave for England's sake! See,





"SAVE ME, AND I'LL DOUBLE THE TEN THOUSAND RUPEES"



## A Terrible Ten Minutes

dear love, the rebels can never reach you, except over dead bodies—over *ours* to *yours*!”

In the awful moment, it was his soul speaking to that of Iris.

The handful of officers already encircled the few ladies. And each woman knew that the British wall around them would not be broken so long as life lasted. After that—well, death is not the worst evil, and it would be welcome.

There was one white man, and only one, whose thought was for self alone.

“Save me, and you shall have a thousand—ten thousand rupees!” Philip Somerset was hoarsely urging on a native subahdar, and his frenzied entreaty was heard by more than one pair of ears—those of Iris Hamilton among others.

Her gravely scornful eyes turned aside from the coward, and then her thoughts flew to the old country.

“How will they take the news in England? How will it go with us? Tomorrow, they will know! It will be over for *us*; but for *them* the wild weeping, the sick horror! The ghastly news will be flashing all over the land!” she murmured.

The shuddering girl’s eyes closed; but, even through the waves and storms of cold terror sweeping over her soul, she felt her slim fingers gathered into a steel-like grip.

The awful moments sped on, and as the jewelled multitude in the Durbar hall, too stunned even to pray, waited for their fate, whatsoever it was to be, the uproar outside, the beat of hoofs in thousands, the clash and clatter of steel, grew louder, fiercer, more deafening.

The terrible tramp, tramp of marchings and the piercing yells of command were increasing tenfold.

It would be a question of but a few minutes before the palace-gates must give way, and the maddened populace would gain an entrance to wreak their savage fury.

Well, the dusky human lane of India’s highest, and the human wall of white men round their dearest, were alike in readiness to die, if needs be, as true soldiers of the Great Mother!

“Jenny, wife!” The staid Archie Lorimer, moved to his heart’s centre springs, was lifted out of his grim, British calm. “Don’t give way. See this!”

Jenny gave one shuddering glance at the revolver Archie drew, for a second, from an inner pocket.

“Oh, Archie!” she whimpered quaveringly. “Must it be *that*?”

“It must be that, wife!” And Archie’s thin, brown face hardened to cast-iron.

A tense look leaped into every white man’s face, signifying in unison a like secret resolve.

“And Iris, Archie—the little, young sister I was to shield?” chokingly breathed out Jenny, the best of the Englishwoman coming uppermost, in the supreme hour of ghastly peril.

“Iris, also, will be—cared for! Langley will see to that!” panted Archie huskily, and as the hurly-burly outside deepened, his fingers tightened on his revolver.

“My God! Steel me to save the wife—that way!” he was praying silently.

In the crucial hour, the veil between man and man fell away, and hearts were open books.

Philip Somerset, who had shadowed the fair young “spin” from England at dances, rides, gymkhanas, and station gaieties, forgot her existence absolutely. His sole thought was for his own skin’s safety.

“Save me, and I’ll double the ten thousand rupees,” he was hoarsely urging the subahdar.

“But I, too, I share the Sahib’s danger! I, too, am a soldier of the Great Mother,” confusedly the native made answer.

Jem Langley’s only thought, on the other hand, was for the girl who was the idol niched in his simple, loyal heart.

Side by side, hand in hand, stood the two on the plane of peril, their eyes, from which the veil of misunderstandings had fallen away, were speaking the story of the love which would have lighted up their earth-lives, the love whose next chapter was now to open in that further life of the great Beyond.

To reach that second chapter there was the gulf of horrors to wade through. The colours of the old story of the Mutiny were still vivid, lurid and fresh—will they ever fade, for that matter? By the way of Blood then would that Beyond have to be reached?

“But it will be together, dear heart!” Jem Langley’s white lips whispered.

And, though the rows and rows of coloured lights festooning the great palace hall, and the throne of gold, and the glitter of gems, grew blurred in the English girl’s dim, sweet eyes, her trust held fast in her Father in heaven, in her lover on earth.

## A Terrible Ten Minutes

"These two—they dwelt with  
eye on eye,  
Their hearts of old have  
beat in tune,  
Their every parting was to  
die."  
She and Jem, Jem and  
she!



The terrible ten minutes that had been a century of awful suspense to the handful of Europeans huddled round the steps of the throne were over.

"Arree! Arree!" A man's shriek cut through the tense silence of the Durbar hall. A wild-eyed jampannie with his puggaree awry, one of the human steeds belonging to the bazaar rickshaws, dashed among the indoor crowd. "We are lost! There is a great rising of the tribes."

Every man in the hall stiffened himself, alert and ready. The lane

"I'VE LOST HER!" FIERCELY MUTTERED PHILIP SOMERSET

## A Terrible Ten Minutes

of princes and rajahs shouldered each other. Like a zigzag line of lightning, a flash of knives and daggers ran along the double row of loyal natives.

Then, to the wild surprise of all, a stately subahdar of a distant province stalked into the hall, his eyes and teeth one blazing smile of confidence.

His torrent of explanations rushed like hailstones on the stunned ears of the silent, expectant crowd.

The human hurricane let loose on the palace walls outside resolved itself into the fact that a certain truculent chief of a hill-tribe, who was at feud with every native prince in the provinces, had been left severely alone when the various rulers had been bidden to the Durbar.

The boycotted chief, learning of the important event almost too late, was maddened at being left out of the ploy.

Determined to do allegiance to the Great Mother, he and his hill-tribe scoured the plains to beat up a mighty following. Hustling and browbeating, he secured a respectable force, at the head of which he tore down, a very simoom of uproar and clatter, in order to be in time to swear fealty to the new Empress!

The turbulent human stream precipitating itself into the hall was explained thus! The tension of a terror that had been anguish gave way, all suddenly!

Jenny Lorimer, for one, sank to the marble floor sobbingly; and the white lips of women moved in silent thanksgiving.

It took Archie Lorimer all he was worth to replace his foot on the step of the throne, and calmly finish the Sovereign's speech therefrom.

Gaspingly he struggled through it.

Then, among the rajahs and princes who presented the hilts of their half-drawn, gem-starred swords for the representative of British Majesty to touch, in sign that their services were at the White Mother's command, none carried a more triumphant face than the cantankerous old chief! Little recked he that his furious stampede of men and horses down the hillsides had caused a dread, sickening belief that another rising, an echo of the never-to-be-forgotten Mutiny, had been planned to shatter the white man's rule!

That evening, at the brilliant British reception and ball, Iris Hamilton, the star of the great function, stole out to breathe for a quiet moment under the deodars. The moonlight silvered her gleaming white shoulders, kissed the pearls round her throat, and crisped the satin edges of the whirl of frills winding, serpentine fashion, round her feet as she stood alone.

Only for a moment was Iris alone. The eyes of Jem Langley followed her wistfully, and he slipped out to seize fortune at the flood.

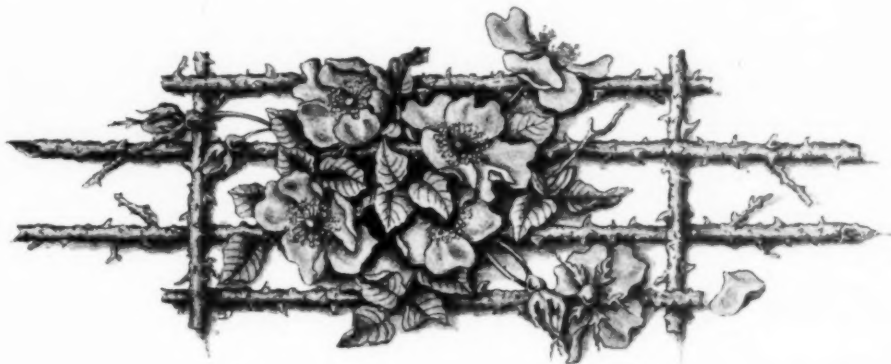
"Iris, sweet, what did your heart say to mine in that terrible ten minutes when we believed we were face to face with death?"

His whisper made her pulses leap, and Iris turned to him—

"As the sunflower turns to her God when he sets,  
The same look that she turn'd when he rose."

As their lips met clingingly in the moonlight, a dark scowling face flitted away through the deodars' shadows.

"I've lost her!" fiercely muttered Philip Somerset. "Love is the only thing, then, that money cannot buy!"



# How to Furnish a Little Cottage

BY E. RENTOUL ESLER

IT is essential that, in a small house, everything be kept small, if the symmetry of its aspect is to be maintained. A single piece of furniture out of proportion with its surroundings will prove like a false note in a tune, distressing even the untaught ear, though the sufferer may be unable to indicate the nature of the discord.

Another thing to remember is that wall-papers may be among the aggravations of life. Usually the papers on little cheap houses are atrocious; they fill the rooms with their large patterns and crude or dull colourings, so that furniture and ornaments suggest crowding and superfluity. Speaking generally, the inexperienced would be well advised to be-pattern the hall walls alone, the hall being a somewhat empty apartment; to put a modest and unobtrusive design on the bedroom walls, and to leave the walls of the drawing-room, dining-room, study, and morning-room plain, the frieze at the top supplying, with the wall ornaments and pictures, decoration sufficient. The frieze should be from eight to eighteen inches deep, according to the height of the apartments.

Where new papers would prove too expensive—papers are not cheaper for being without pattern—an excellent effect can be attained with washable distemper which can be had in a variety of soft artistic shades. Distemper is applied like white-wash; it may adhere to old wall-paper, but to insure a satisfactory result, the old papers should be washed from the walls, and the distemper applied when these are dry and clean. A stencilled frieze is the proper finish to distempered walls, but where there would be difficulty in applying this, a paper frieze that repeats the colour of the distemper will do.

This, however, is a digression, because our six-roomed cottage has no study, no morning-room, no anything but a narrow hall, a front parlour twelve feet by twelve, a kitchen behind it of the same dimensions, a scullery with kitchen-range and copper, a larder or pantry, and, on the floor above, three bedrooms.

Now to eat in and occupy the same room all day is not pleasant, and so the parlour must be reserved for our leisure and the

kitchen must become our refectory. The cooking-range in the scullery renders the transformation of the kitchen easy. If a curtain of decorative material be hung in front of the range in the actual kitchen and a length of other material be laid over the shelf above it, the metamorphosis is effected.

As the cottage is for summer and holiday use, it is unlikely that a fire will ever seem necessary in the metamorphosed dining-room—the fire in the neighbouring room will keep it warm—but should more heat be desired, the duplex lamp which belongs to this apartment will, if lighted and placed on the floor, warm it in a surprisingly short time.

It will be observed that the curtain has so modified the house that we now possess two living-rooms, a kitchen and no scullery, to be spoken of henceforth as the parlour, dining-room and kitchen.

As we desire to be economical, rectifying only what is intolerable, we assent to three papers of floral design and neutral tints on the bedroom walls; they are fresh and inoffensive—they will do.

The floral paper on the parlour, and the block design paper on the hall are intolerable, we must away with them. The floral paper in the dining-room (oh, those flowers!) has a terra-cotta ground which is not bad; the section of wall most in the light is almost entirely occupied by the draped fireplace and a cupboard fitted into the wall, and most of the remaining walls are not conspicuous, so we, being on economy intent, make resolve to endure the dining-room walls also, merely tinting the ceiling when the kitchen is being whitewashed. The cost of this will be included in the workman's bill, to be given later.

The hall being small—three feet by fourteen—it will require a good quality of paper to resist inevitable wear and tear. After much reflection, made with closed eyes, the eyes of the imagination very alert, we choose a French paper, parchment-like in texture and ground colour, and decorated with a conventional *fleur-de-lys* in dark green. It is a cold-looking paper, that for an apartment of northern aspect would be unendurable. But our little hall faces



## How to Furnish a Little Cottage

south, and we have an idea that in August days we shall like the green and grey effect. This paper costs 2s. the piece of nine yards, but, owing to the size of the hall, the total is not much. For the parlour we choose a plain willow-green paper (the aspect here is southern also) with an eight-inch frieze of hawthorn blossoms on a green ground. The door panels we cover with a paper moulding of a small star pattern, and put a length of the same, twelve inches wide, above the mantelpiece. To the wall above this we attach a galleried shelf, two inches wide and the length of the mantelpiece (price 5s. 9d.), and paint mantelpiece, shelf, moulding, and entire wood-work of the room green. A friend who is not partial to this colour came, like Balaam, to say things; but when he observed the general effect, like Balaam, he changed his mind, and said other things. The little room was beginning to put on an air, and he liked it.

The hall paper cost 14s., the parlour paper, with frieze, 9s. 4d.; the workman's bill for hanging both papers, fixing window-blinds all over the house, painting parlour, whitewashing kitchen and tinting dining-room ceiling, whitening a kind of screen that darkened the dining-room window, and laying linoleums in hall, dining-room and kitchen, amounted to £4 3s. 4d. It seemed a good deal, but country workmen make high charges, orders being fitful and competition small.

The walls and windows being now finished (the roller-blinds cost 19s. 4d., and muslin for inner curtains for the parlour bay-window and for half-blinds for the rest of the house 3s. 9d.), the floors were the next objects of attention. For the hall we selected a linoleum with a small black-and-white tile pattern, and for the dining-

room and kitchen one with a matting pattern of cream and green. Of this sufficient was left after covering these two floors to afford a margin to go round the parlour and best bedroom. This margin was always supposed to be of real matting, so good was the imitation. The linoleum for the hall cost 7s. 3d.; that for the rest of the house £2 1s. 6d.

Against the hall wall we put a panel mirror in a narrow black frame. This faced the parlour door, and ran from two feet above the floor almost to the ceiling. It cost 16s., but was worth twice the money for the enlarging effect it made. The rest

of the hall furniture consisted solely of a bordered mat at the foot of the stairs, a brass umbrella-stand and some hat-pins fixed to the wall. The mat cost 3s., the hat-pins 1s., and the umbrella-stand 15s. The last could have been had in another metal at a much lower price, but burnished brass is pretty, and when an umbrella-stand is the entire furniture for which there is space, one is willing to deal

liberally by it. The lighting of the hall was done by day by means of a glass door, and by night by means of a lamp fixed half-way up the stairs that it might illumine both landing and hall. This lamp, with reflector, cost 1s. 6d.

The stairs were already painted pale green, and we left them so. Had we repainted, we should have made them white, finishing with a coat of enamel paint which gives a high glaze, and does not need scrubbing until the glaze is broken, rubbing with a damp cloth being quite sufficient.

The stair-pads we made of folded pieces of old Kidderminster carpet, and over this we put red wear-resisting felt; the felt cost £1. Three little Japanese mats for the



ROAD PAST THE COTTAGE DOOR



## How to Furnish a Little Cottage



A WINDOW IN THE COTTAGE

bedroom doors cost only 9d. each. The stair-rods and eyes amounted to 4s.

In the dining-room, opposite the window, we put another panel mirror lengthwise, and beneath it a wooden cupboard painted red and panelled with gold Japanese leather paper. This served for a sideboard, the top being covered, first with a fringed serge cover, and then with a white sideboard cloth. The cupboard had two deep and wide shelves, and was extremely useful for storage purposes. The top of the curtained-off kitchen range became a hiding-place for unnecessary lamps, tennis rackets, the tool-box, and obsolete newspapers and magazines.

### Cost of Dining-room

On the sideboard-cupboard we spent £1 12s.; the table of mahogany with two folding leaves cost, second-hand, £1 5s. 6d.; two rugs, each two yards long by one wide, cost, being in dyed jute, 7s. 2d. the pair. In view of the price these are wonderfully effective, but they have not the bright and rich tints of wool rugs. Four bentwood chairs, stained walnut-colour, with white arabesque design on the seats that had almost a marqueterie effect, cost 3s. 9d. each; a bentwood arm-chair was 8s. 6d.; these I can highly recommend, they are slightly and very durable. The fireplace drapery of gold-embroidered satin of pale salmon-colour cost £1 2s. 6d., printed muslin to lay along the shelf cost 2s. 3d., the window curtain of serge with ball binding along the inner edge, the window pole and brackets, muslin blind, rod and rod brackets

1000

cost 9s. 3d.; the table-cover of serge with plush border and ball fringe cost 12s. 6d.; a little clock in a wooden case was 6s. 6d.; the pictures and mantelpiece ornaments were brought from town, their exact cost cannot be recorded.

The wall cupboards beside the fireplace proved very useful for storing extra china and glass; the lower, having usually a chair in front of it, owing to our limited space, served chiefly for articles not in everyday use.

### Kitchen

For the kitchen a multitude of articles were bought at the sixpence-halfpenny stores, and those of enamelled tin proved, in the main, very good value. Saucepans, hot-water jugs, knife-board, toasting-fork, salt-box, coffee-pot, little kettle—some forty of these articles cost a trifle over £1. A small kitchen table cost 4s. 6d., a chair 2s. 6d. With kitchen fender and fireirons the outlay was about £3.

### Parlour

The best room usually costs most, and it did so in this instance. If a little place is to become really a home to people of taste, it must be borne in mind that a few articles that cost money will prove a good investment, giving a certain aspect of superiority to the whole. Bamboo furniture and plain wooden things will suffice for wear, and may be exclusively chosen if people only want to camp out; but genuine pleasure is to be derived from possessions that are pleasant to eye and touch, and as respect for one's surroundings is an element in refinement, and has an effect in inducing the young to refrain from clumsy and careless movements, they have an educational as well as an æsthetic value. A room might be very cheaply furnished and still look a lady's room, but as a matter of taste, it is impossible to avoid a preference for certain properties that cost money.

A dainty desk, price in mahogany £4 10s., with recesses for ornaments above the writing-place, and shelves for books below, these to be curtained over with yellow silk, unless the bindings of the books are decorative, makes a very nice impression. Another good *pièce de résistance* is a folding inlaid table, costing £6 10s. Where space

## How to Furnish a Little Cottage

is limited the diamond-shaped folding card-table takes up least room. Supplied with these—either or both—and a well-upholstered easy-chair, costing about £3, to keep them in countenance, we may now descend to cheaper things.

If the desk be put at the window side of the fireplace, and the table in the other recess, with a shaded standard lamp beside it, and the easy-chair near both, then the two most conspicuous corners are artistically filled.

Among carpets, the Florentine or Roman squares are charming, those in green with a ribbon of blue running through them being a delight to the eye. These can be had, ten feet by ten, for 50s. But where the walls are green, another colour than green might be preferred on the floor. An Indian red carpet, with a small pattern of lily heads in lighter red, looks well in a small room with green walls. This is not an art square, but a Kidderminster costing 4s. 2d. per yard. The fire-screen is of rosewood with yellow silk panels, it cost 8s. 6d. The curtains of bluish-green Bolton sheeting cost 18s.; this material is washable, and can be had in very artistic shades. Cretonne-covered sofas can be had for 30s.; these are sufficiently comfortable, but for beauty they require a cover. An embroidered Armenian curtain makes a very effective cover, and can be tucked in all round and over the sofa, after being left to drape it to the floor in front. These curtains are usually three yards long by two yards wide; they are covered with woollen hand-embroidery in various shades; the ground colour is usually Indian red or saffron, and they wear very well; they cost only 18s. 6d. to £1 1s. The draped front of the sofa affords another hiding-place where superfluous hassocks, work-baskets, and even a pair of slippers may be secreted. Where space is limited each recess is valuable.

Opposite the window we put a bamboo and matting bookcase (10s. 6d.), whose shelves were apportioned to ornaments and framed photographs as well as books. The remaining furniture consisted of a basket-chair (6s. 6d.) with cushions extra; a folding-chair covered in satin brocade (12s. 6d.), and a low gossip's-chair which in earlier days had cost 35s., but now seemed rather

shabby for home. A cretonne frilled cover made it look quite smart. A tall rosewood flower-stand (14s. 6d.), with a Benares brass flower-pot and hardy aspidistra stood in the window; a small bamboo stand which cost only 1s. 5d. stood, with another aspidistra in a tenpenny art pot, beside the sofa, but this had so often to be put out of the way lest it should be knocked down, that at last it abode permanently by the window too. At night the tall plant-stand was made to accommodate a table lamp, which, with the standard lamp, lighted the little room most brilliantly.

Small brass fire-irons and iron fender cost 12s. 6d.; three frilled sofa cushions were brought from the permanent home; so were a pair of brass candelabra, and several pictures fitted to the limited dimensions of the room. The parlour time-piece was a bee clock which cost 5s. 6d.; when mounted on a little black wrought or rather bent iron stand, it looked like a miniature grandfather's clock. Some little silver ornaments were pretty, as were some bits of blue china against the green.

### Bedrooms

For bedrooms the cheaper kind of art carpets will do. Where economy is necessary people are most disposed to save off the bedrooms, which is intelligible, as the occupants are not usually hypercritical when they are asleep.

Our bedroom carpets cost £1 5s., 18s. 6d., and 7s. 6d., the last price being for a strip of carpet for the servant's bedside.

Wool mattresses are quite as comfortable



THE COTTAGE PARLOUR

## How to Furnish a Little Cottage

as those of hair, and considerably cheaper, and iron bedsteads are of the few things that may be bought second-hand. These are much improved if they be enamelled sealing-wax red or turquoise blue. With the dun-coloured art carpet, the red bedstead looks very bright and pretty.

Where a bedroom is very small, a wall mirror with a shelf below for toilet requisites can be made to suffice as a dressing-table. If there is a spare corner, a shaving mirror with a shelf below, costing from 10s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. (I have seen the same article at both prices), will fill it usefully.

Where there is a hanging cupboard in the wall, and many cottages contain these, the cost of a wardrobe is saved.

The old-fashioned circular marble-topped washstands are now very cheap, costing from 11s. 6d. Toilet-ware may be had from 5s. 6d. the set, exclusive of the slop-pail, which amounts to almost as much. Water-bottles with glasses may be had at the sixpence-halfpenny shops. An effective-looking dressing-table in stained wood, with mirror and jewel drawers combined with chest of drawers, can be had for £2 10s. It is true the drawers do not fit excellently, but we cannot have everything of the best at a low price.

Bedroom slop-pails cost from 4s. 9d., zinc sponge-baths that will slip under the beds when not required, from 10s. 6d. It may be usefully borne in mind that these are the normal prices, which at sale seasons, especially at the after-Christmas sales, are considerably reduced.

Ornamental trifles over-fill most houses, so that for the cottage there are certain to be many things available, but if not, let it be remembered that the best form of ornamentation results from the beautifying of necessary articles. A picture or a jewel may exist solely for purposes of decoration, ugly or worthless things used as ornament merely vitiate the taste of the possessor. But it will take some time to teach the English people that the beauty of a plain wall or an empty shelf far exceeds that of a wall hung with monstrous and impossible botanical specimens, or of a shelf laden with misshapen crockery. As a general principle it is safe to advise that the floral specimen be taboo as a decoration for all domestic articles.

In the matter of pictures things are infinitely better to-day than they were a quarter of a century ago. Black and white

or sepia copies of world-famous pictures can now be had literally for a few pence, of which a discriminating selection neatly framed might adorn any apartment.

In the matter of ceramics, a very tolerable if not beautiful table service is made in white ribbed china. This averages three-pence per piece, so that breakfast, tea and dinner service for six may be had for about £1 15s. 6d. A tea service of superior quality, say one of the very delicate Japanese tea services for four, will cost 15s. Where space is limited, the folding tea-stand with round Japanese, *papier mâché*, or brass tray will be an acquisition. When not in use, the folding stand can disappear beneath the sofa, and the tray will slip behind the dining-room cupboard or the table.

In the matter of linen, three sheets for each bed, and two cases for each pillow will suffice, with four towels for each person, two table napkins for each, and three or four tablecloths.

When purchasing blankets, it may be borne in mind that two single blankets are quite as warm as a pair and cost considerably less. White cotton quilts have become marvels of cheapness; very pretty white quilts for single beds can be had for 2s. 4d. each.

A standard lamp in wrought iron, with copper oil receptacle and copper knobs and pretty paper shade, can be had from about £1 up to any price desired.

On most landings in little houses there is a space between the stair-head and the wall where a ledge can be fixed to rest on the banister at one end, being supported by a strip of wood nailed to the wall at the other. This will act as a table, and if draped with a curtain in front, will supply another valuable hiding-place. A stout box can be stored here, to hold linen or extra blankets.

For bedrooms, the old-fashioned dimity, which most drapers sell, makes the prettiest draperies. The charm of a sleeping apartment depends so much on its aspect of freshness, that a white room, which is not so difficult to maintain in the smokeless country, should be aimed at where possible. Dimity can be had in plain white, or bordered with pink or blue.

Thus the holiday cottage stands. It can be made not only tolerable, but dear, and desirable, for an outlay of about £80, and to harassed town-dwellers I recommend it as a peaceful and pleasant possession.

# The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris, with other Characters in *Adam Bede*

BY WILLIAM MOTTRAM (A GRAND-NEPHEW OF THE BEDES)

Illustrated with Photographs by Allan P. Mottram

## XII.—Life's Labours followed by Sabbatic Rest and Peace

"Through love to  
light! Oh, wonder-  
ful the way  
That leads from  
darkness to the  
perfect day—  
From darkness  
and from sorrow  
of the night  
To morning that  
comes singing  
over the sea!  
Through love  
to light!"

"IN the course  
of these  
last twenty  
years I have  
many times  
been brought  
apparently nigh  
unto death, in-  
somuch that my  
dear friends  
have stood ex-  
pecting me to  
die. At all such  
times I have  
been visited  
with a manifest-  
ation of the  
divine approba-  
tion concerning  
these things [her  
public ministry],  
but what grieves  
me most is that I have had so little zeal  
and love, and that I have not been more  
useful and holy."

In these solemn words does Dinah Morris  
close her autobiography, as written in 1825.  
They well represent the whole spirit of her  
gracious life. How many incidents have  
those who knew her related to me, setting  
forth her genuine self-denial, intense loving-  
kindness and brave daring in the prosecu-  
tion of her work. Here is one related by  
Mr. A. Chadwick. When but a boy he and  
a schoolfellow, for one day only, played



WIRSWORTH PARISH CHURCH

truant. Toward  
the evening a  
mighty storm  
arose. The  
thunders shook  
the earth, while  
the lightnings  
flamed in the  
sky. The two  
boys were near  
to the house  
which sheltered  
Dinah Morris.  
She called them  
in to take refuge  
with her. Both  
of them shook  
with solemn  
dread and  
cowered around  
her knees.  
Instantly she  
became their  
comforter, spoke  
soothing words  
and implored  
Heaven's bless-  
ing. With a  
hand on each  
prostrate head  
she sang in a  
clear and sym-  
pathetic voice:

"The God that rules on high,  
That thunders when He please;  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas:  
This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down His heavenly powers  
To carry us above"

I think this incident forms a pretty little  
idyll and is worthy of record here.

Old Benjamin Poyser, in 1881, gave me  
a story of Dinah, indicative of shrewd,  
practical wisdom combined with strong



## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

human feeling. Poyser was a workman at the factory and was making love to the servant at the factory house. "Benjamin," she said, "if you and — wish to talk to each other I have no objection, and you are always welcome to a yard of the hearthstone. Don't walk in the lanes after dark, and don't use your Sundays for courtship. You are always welcome to come and see — in the kitchen." This courtship led to a happy life union. Poyser remembered Seth Bede opening the factory at Mill-houses, and himself became a worker at nine years of age! He said Seth Bede was one of a thousand for forgiving injuries. If one had done him a wrong he would go out of his way to do such person a kindness. If men had animosity one to another he would go and reason with them, and so make peace. The mill-pond and feeder contained fine Derbyshire trout. Every Whitsuntide the water was run out and many fish captured. The workmen were always invited to bring their baskets and share in the catch. Seth Bede also was a diligent visitor of the sick as well as his wife, and when no longer able to go

forth on his preaching excursions this exercise found him delightful employment. Friends interested in his house-to-house mission assisted him in supplying the material necessities of the poor, and so calmly and usefully life lengthened to its close. It was a beautiful and blessed life.

Dinah had dreams and visions, intuitions and impressions of a preternatural kind. She moved in a world of spiritual influences all her own. A lady I met with in Buxton revived the recollection of a story my mother had told me when a boy. In one of her dreams Dinah imagined herself preaching in a place which was strange to her. She saw the building, and marked the features and even the dresses of many of the hearers. A sweet spring of bright, sparkling water appeared to her view, from which a stream issued, and, wherever the waters came, the country was covered with green and flowers. Immediately after two men came from a mining village to implore her to go to hold special services there because of the spiritual dearth and drunkenness that prevailed. She consented and fixed the time for the services. The distance was too far to walk, and she

was driven to and fro by Isaac Walker, one of the factory men, who was himself an acceptable local preacher. Immediately on beholding the scene of her labours the dream recurred to her, and on entering the building she saw in actual vision the very faces she had looked upon in her dream. The happy augury of the waters was graciously fulfilled in the impartation of spiritual blessing, for, before the day's services had closed, a deep movement had commenced which extended as the days went on. She had to go again and again, and several adjoining villages were touched by the revival.

Another incident was narrated by my Buxton friend. Dinah Morris was ill of acute rheumatism and was so prostrate that she could not turn herself on her bed. But the time was at hand for the fulfilment of an engagement to conduct special services at Bakewell. She was deeply distressed at the thought of her incapacity, and wrestled with God all night in earnest prayer. She obtained from the Lord Himself,



HOUSE OF MR. SAMUEL EVANS, JUN., IN THE MARKET-PLACE,  
WIRKSWORTH, AT WHICH GEORGE ELIOT WAS  
RECEIVED AS A GUEST



## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris



WHEELWRIGHT'S SHOP, WARMBROOK, WIRKSWORTH, FORMERLY THE  
ARMINIAN METHODIST CHAPEL

account related to her of the aunt's strange experiences. On the occasion of this visit she was the guest of her cousin, Mr. Samuel Evans, who was a manufacturer of silk velvet and the proprietor of a draper's shop in the Warkworth market-place. From this house each afternoon George Eliot found her way to Miller's Green, where Seth Bede and Dinah Morris were then residing. My informant could never have

as she believed, the power to go and fulfil her mission. Nothing could now restrain her. Her faith conquered her infirmity. She was again entrusted to the care of the faithful Isaac Walker, conducted two services with great spiritual power, and on the return journey was not spared a downpour which drenched her to the skin. Nevertheless, it was her proud boast that no injury resulted from this bold venture, and the rheumatic fever had departed for ever. How real to her sensitive feeling was the living God, and how near! How transcendent was the power of prayer! available at all times and in all exigencies.

My Buxton friend had very clear recollections of the extended visit paid to Warkworth by George Eliot, mentioned in an earlier chapter. She repeatedly saw the aunt and niece, arm-in-arm, walking across the market-place to call on Mrs. Walker, Dinah Morris's daughter. She knew well of the long *séance* in Mrs. Walker's parlour, when George Eliot wrote down the

ARMINIAN															
Methodist Preachers Plan,															
DERRY CIRCUIT.															
1868.															
		First.				Second.				Third.					
		Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.		
The Temple.		10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	PREACHERS.	
Thursday after date.		1	6	11	16	21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	1 Brookes, Derry.	
Saturday after date.		3	8	13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	2 Hackett, Derry.	
Monday after date.		5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	3 Jones, Derry.	
Wednesday after date.		7	12	17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	4 Spence, Derry.	
Friday after date.		9	14	19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	5 Wilson, Derry.	
Sunday after date.		11	16	21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	6 Mackenzie, Derry.	
Tuesday after date.		13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68	7 Watson, Derry.	
Thursday after date.		15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	8 Shaw, Derry.	
Saturday after date.		17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72	9 Elliott, Derry.	
Monday after date.		19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74	10 Ward, Derry.	
Wednesday after date.		21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	11 Wainman, Derry.	
Friday after date.		23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68	73	78	12 Shaw, Adhesive Road.	
Sunday after date.		25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75	80	13 Bennett, Derry.	
Tuesday after date.		27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72	77	82	14 Nathan, Old Bedford.	
Thursday after date.		29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74	79	84	15 Spratt, Derry.	
Saturday after date.		31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	81	86	16 Capstick, Alce.	
Monday after date.		3	8	13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	17 Radford, Derry.	
Wednesday after date.		5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	18 Wilkins, Harbours.	
Friday after date.		7	12	17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	19 Martin, Wigan.	
Sunday after date.		9	14	19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	20 Hewitt, Derry.	
Tuesday after date.		11	16	21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	21 Plant, Derry.	
Thursday after date.		13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68	22 Clay, Derry.	
Saturday after date.		15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	23 Johnson, Derry.	
Monday after date.		17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72	24 Brown, Brough.	
Wednesday after date.		19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74	25 Taylor, Belper.	
Friday after date.		21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	26 Pickett, Derry.	
Sunday after date.		23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68	73	78	27 Evans, Wigan.	
Tuesday after date.		25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75	80	28 Jordan, Derry.	
Thursday after date.		27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72	77	82	29 Fenn, Derry.	
Saturday after date.		29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74	79	84	30 Brady, Derry.	
Monday after date.		31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	81	86	31 Hillen, Belper.	
Wednesday after date.		3	8	13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	32 R.	
Friday after date.		5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	1. Love Post. & Seamount.	
Sunday after date.		7	12	17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	2. Shaw, Derry.	
Tuesday after date.		9	14	19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	3. Derry.	
Thursday after date.		11	16	21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66		
Saturday after date.		13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68		
Monday after date.		15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70		
Wednesday after date.		17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72		
Friday after date.		19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74		
Sunday after date.		21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76		
Tuesday after date.		23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68	73	78		
Thursday after date.		25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75	80		
Saturday after date.		27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72	77	82		
Monday after date.		29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74	79	84		
Wednesday after date.		31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	81	86		
Friday after date.		3	8	13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58		
Sunday after date.		5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60		
Tuesday after date.		7	12	17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62		
Thursday after date.		9	14	19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64		
Saturday after date.		11	16	21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66		
Monday after date.		13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68		
Wednesday after date.		15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70		
Friday after date.		17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72		
Sunday after date.		19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74		
Tuesday after date.		21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76		
Thursday after date.		23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68	73	78		
Saturday after date.		25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75	80		
Monday after date.		27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72	77	82		
Wednesday after date.		29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74	79	84		
Friday after date.		31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	81	86		
Sunday after date.		3	8	13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58		
Tuesday after date.		5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60		
Thursday after date.		7	12	17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62		
Saturday after date.		9	14	19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64		
Monday after date.		11	16	21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66		
Wednesday after date.		13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68		
Friday after date.		15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70		
Sunday after date.		17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72		
Tuesday after date.		19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74		
Thursday after date.		21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76		
Saturday after date.		23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68	73	78		
Monday after date.		25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75	80		
Wednesday after date.		27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72	77	82		
Friday after date.		29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74	79	84		
Sunday after date.		31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	81	86		
Tuesday after date.		3	8	13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58		
Thursday after date.		5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60		
Saturday after date.		7	12	17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62		
Monday after date.		9	14	19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64		
Wednesday after date.		11	16	21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66		
Friday after date.		13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68		
Sunday after date.		15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70		
Tuesday after date.		17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72		
Thursday after date.		19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74		
Saturday after date.		21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76		
Monday after date.		23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68	73	78		
Wednesday after date.		25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75	80		
Friday after date.		27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72	77	82		
Sunday after date.		29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74	79	84		
Tuesday after date.		31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	81	86		
Thursday after date.		3	8	13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58		
Saturday after date.		5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60		
Monday after date.		7	12	17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62		
Wednesday after date.		9	14	19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64		
Friday after date.		11	16	21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66		
Sunday after date.		13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68		
Tuesday after date.		15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70		
Thursday after date.		17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72		
Saturday after date.		19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74		
Monday after date.		21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76		
Wednesday after date.		23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58	63	68	73	78		
Friday after date.		25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75	80		
Sunday after date.		27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62	67	72	77	82		
Tuesday after date.		29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64	69	74	79	84		
Thursday after date.		31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	81	86		
Saturday after date.		3	8	13	18	23	28	33	38	43	48	53	58		
Monday after date.		5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60		
Wednesday after date.		7	12	17	22	27	32	37	42	47	52	57	62		
Friday after date.		9	14	19	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	64		
Sunday after date.		11	16	21	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66		
Tuesday after date.		13	18	23	28	33	38	43							

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

the slightest doubt as to how Dinah Morris came to be the heroine of *Adam Bede*.

One episode in the career of Seth and Dinah I do not like to dwell upon—their separation for several years from the Wesleyan Church. This event, which I cannot but regret, arose from the position in the denomination to which the female evangelist had been relegated, which had all along been a very sore point. Doubtless, the superintendent minister in each circuit had considerable discretion in the matter. Some of them interpreted the minute of 1803 more rigidly than others. Some still allowed the preaching, even in mixed congregations. Nevertheless, the fact that Mrs. Taft and Dinah Morris had been tolerated as preachers became an occasion of reproach and rebuke in the Conference, two of the highest in that assembly having taken up a very hostile attitude. The relation of Dinah Morris with her superintendent pastors would appear to have been most cordial. Still, female evangelism was all but proscribed, and this became a burden both to herself and her husband. In Derby there arose, through a split, a branch of Methodism which never extended far, nor did it attain to any great dimensions. This people called themselves "Arminian Methodists," they were also known as The Derby Faith. Seth Bede and Dinah Morris united themselves to this secession, not because she was refused liberty to use her talents among the Methodist people, but because a stigma attached to woman's ministry, and she would not continue to use her privilege while others of her sex were forbidden. For this reason the painful separation took place and continued for some years. I have before me a letter written to our friends in 1836 in the name of two female evangelists who were Arminian Methodists, and it is characterised by the same rapturous zeal which marked the life of Dinah Morris. It was written after a visit paid to Wirksworth. It would seem that Dinah Morris had full liberty of prophesying among the Arminian Methodists without any reservation whatever. There is an Arminian Methodist Preachers' Plan of the Derby Circuit extant, on which the name of "Evans, Wirksworth," appears. To which of the Evanses this relates one can hardly tell. Wirksworth was not one of the places in the Derby Circuit, or probably we should find that both names would have been included. Probably,

1006

"Evans, Wirksworth," meant that Seth Bede was an auxiliary preacher of the Derby Circuit, having separate appointments on a plan which included Wirksworth. At all events, a building is pointed out at Warmbrook, in the town, which was for some years the Arminian Methodist Chapel. There Dinah Morris frequently preached, and there are those yet living who repeatedly heard her ministrations therein. It is now a wheelwright's workshop. In the course of only a few years the Wirksworth Arminian Methodists, as well as the Body generally, was united with an offshoot of the Wesleyan Body called "The Methodist Association," which was originated in 1835, principally by one Dr. Warren, concerning the founding of Methodist Colleges. This denomination, later on, combined with the Methodist Reformers of 1849 to form the United Methodist Free Churches. Before this took place, however, Seth Bede and Dinah Morris had found their way back into the old moorings, and both of them died in communion with the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

Her death was transcendently beautiful. It requires the pen of a George Eliot to do justice to it. For some three or four years her public ministrations had ceased for sheer lack of physical strength. Indeed, she was now about seventy years of age, and had toiled with unremitting energy for nearly half a century. Dr. Chalmers said, that he wished for a sabbatic close to his life, just such as was given to his mother. This was granted to Dinah Morris. How well I remember my mother describing to us what she saw at her death-bed. When the enthusiasms of active labour had ceased a sabbatic rest followed, and then came the end. There was no apparent disease, only a gradual fading away, with a spiritual experience little short of heaven itself. Long before this time she had attracted the attention of some of the great ones of the earth. A Mr. Foster, who knew her, a member of the Society of Friends, had reported her good works to that marvellous woman of kindred spirit, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. This devoted philanthropic worker made a pilgrimage to Wirksworth that she might hold communion with Dinah Morris in person. This visit led to loving correspondence, extending over several years. There was also one Lady Lucy Smith, a well-known Christian philanthropist, who also sought her out, delighted in her

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

fellowship, and in like manner established a correspondence with her.

The end came in 1849. As it approached she manifested her resolute determination that all the material which any biographer might find memoirs upon should be ruthlessly destroyed. Her desire was that no word should be spoken or written in praise of the creature. Hence, with stern command she had several bundles of letters consumed before her eyes. There was one such bundle from Mrs. Fry, another from Lady Lucy Smith, another from sundry admiring friends, but all had to be destroyed. Another command was given. Her children were assembled around her bed when she commanded that no memorial should be erected about her grave, and that they should use their money for service to the living rather than in raising memorials to the dead. When she was laid in her coffin two gentlemen, strangers to the town, begged that they might be allowed to take a last look at her face. Thirty years previously they had gone to a service which she had conducted for the purpose of turning it to ridicule. While so engaged their minds were arrested, and they who came to sport remained to pray. There, in the presence of the dead, they together praised God for what she had been as a preacher of the gospel of love, and for the blessed life which they had found through her instrumentality.

I remember well my mother's description of Seth Bede's consolation and submission in a bereavement which took away from him one who, as George Eliot had said, had been as the light of his eyes for so long a period. On her account he said he could not shed one tear. He could only bless God for all she had been to him these forty-six years, and for all that she had been to so many others. Concerning her promotion and exaltation in the presence of her Lord, he could not entertain one moment's doubt. Her joy was fulfilled in beholding the glory of the Redeemer, and he was as sure of speedy re-union with her as he was of her perfected bliss in Paradise. I was only a boy at the time, but I remember how the experiences of both Seth and Dinah struck me as a remarkable triumph of faith. Her body was laid to rest in the old churchyard at Wirksworth, the whereabouts has been pointed out to me, but the precise grave no man knoweth, for the register of this

time is said to have been lost, and there is no monument. And yet, in a way of which she cannot have had the faintest conception, a monument has been raised to her beloved memory, more enduring than burnished brass, more pure than the whitest marble; a monument wrought by the cunning skill of a niece she loved so well, a monument circumscribed by no locality and restricted by no creed, but read in every part of the earth, and permanent as the world's best literature. Dinah Morris, the real Dinah, departed hence in 1849, but the Dinah Morris of fiction sings on still, pleads with the souls of men, lifts their thoughts heavenward, moistens their eyes with tears, gladdens their hearts with song, and inspires them with pity and hope for the fallen.

What was it, may I ask, that made her the mighty woman she became? It was not lofty birth, superior education, native genius, nor exalted position. In the great cathedral church of Trondhjem, Norway, there is a sculpture which holds a remarkable history. When the building had been covered in, an aged artist came and asked to be allowed to carve one of the blocks left for that purpose. Because of his years his request was declined, but he begged so hard, and he was an artist, that eventually the chief architect allotted him a block in a remote part of the roof where, in that high latitude, the sun can only strike upon it during six weeks in the midst of summer. In those weeks, however, artists from many lands may be seen copying the work he wrought. Thankfully the old man accepted his task, climbed slowly up to his scaffold each morning, and retired early each afternoon. One day he did not come down as usual, and was found to be dead, with open eyes fixed on a face he had chiselled in the stone. It was the face of a woman, a woman he had loved in early life. She had loved him, but death had snatched her away, and he had cherished the fond image all these years. He knew himself to be a dying man, he knew also that his art would be buried with him in the grave, he was therefore resolved that the last work of his hand should be to carve the features of the woman so dear to his heart in speaking stone. When the attention of the chief architect had been called to the circumstance he gathered the other artists around him and said: "Gentlemen, do you see that face? That is the finest piece of work

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

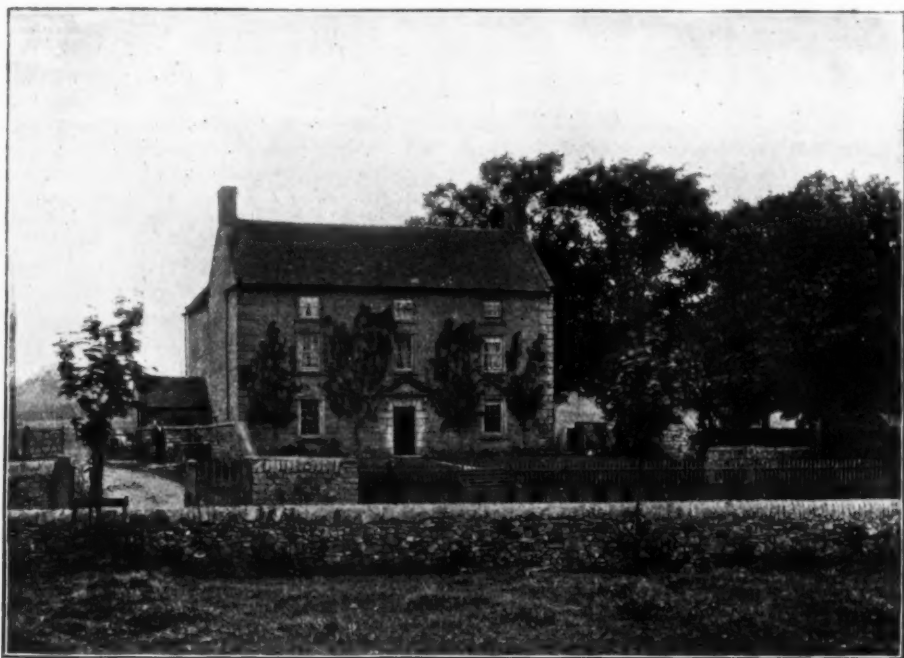


HOUSE AND PREMISES OF MR. SAMUEL GREEN, BUILDER, WATERHOUSES (GREAT-GRANDSON OF THIAS BEDE)

in this cathedral, and it is the work of love."

That is, in one word, the power which gave us Dinah Morris. Her whole nature was possessed, refined and etherealised by divine love. She has become what she is

now in the world simply by the power of love. What wonders would that same love work in us if only we were surrendered to its transforming power! Seth Bede had his sabbatic years, even as Dinah had, departing hence in the fulness of peace in



LEIGH HOUSE, WATERHOUSES, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. SAMUEL MOTTRAM



## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

1858, just as *Adam Bede* was preparing to astonish the literary world. A saintlier soul than he, and a holier and a happier pair than these two, I know not where to find. George Eliot has enriched the spiritual life of the race by her portrayal of these characters; and, as she was thankful to have written so true a book, so may all be thankful to have such fine treasure made over to us in its pages. Those who in any degree belong to the stock of the Bedes, may be thankful for their share in a family history which bears such fruit in its branches. The book is a vital and entrancing poem which shows how from lowly surroundings a light may shine forth which shall irradiate the world. The Bedes, originally, were carpenters and builders, and some of their descendants still, even to the fifth generation, follow the same occupation. The photograph on the opposite page gives a view of premises

which were the property as well as the home of my grandmother, the sister of Adam and Seth Bede. In the house here represented, I heard, sixty years ago, many stories of Thias and Lisbeth Bede, Adam and Seth, with other members of the Evans family. For more than a century it has been the centre of a building trade, and is to this day occupied by a relative of mine, who is, like myself, a great-grandson of Thias Bede the carpenter. It is situated at Waterhouses, just over the Weaver Hills from Ellastone (Hay-slope). The home of my youth, the happy, loving home of my father and my mother, and to this day the home of my beloved brother, is just across the turnpike road, and is also pictured on the opposite page. With these views of scenes so near and dear to my heart, I close this series of articles on The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris.

## Told at the Harvest Decorations

BY MARY CHILD

### I

"IN THE BEGINNING OF BARLEY HARVEST"

SHE certainly made a pretty picture amongst the corn. The children had twisted a poppy-wreath which suited the dark hair and the sunburnt face underneath. Her soft white dress trailed about the corn, as she flitted here and there gathering stalks.

"Why, Miss Ruthie, now you are quite a gleaner like the Ruth in the Bible," little four-year-old Eric exclaimed, as he panted up with a few pieces. Sybil, his sister, aged seven, looked at her governess very critically and solemnly. "Where is Boaz?" she demanded.

Ruth Girling laughed merrily. "I am afraid, if there is such a person, he will chase us off the field for stealing and trespassing."

"Daddie would not like us to steal," objected Sybil.

"No, dear, I know. Only I promised him I would get a little corn for his Harvest Festival. I am sure the farmer would not

mind us taking just a wee bit, especially as he is a namesake of mine."

"Why, do you know him?" asked both children.

"Oh, no! I noticed his name on the gate as we came along. It was the same as mine, and I think it is rather an unusual one. But see, I have quite a large bunch of corn. Shall we run away? If Boaz does come along, why, we will say, 'Please may we take it with us?'"

"Miss Ruthie, just let's see who will reach the gate first," pleaded little blue-eyed Eric.

"All right, come along! One, two, three, and away!"

Shouts of merry laughter floated across the field as they raced along. Alas! the ground proved uneven, and just as a gentleman entered the gate, they plumped down in an undignified heap at his feet.

"Hullo," he cried, "no bones broken, I hope. Allow me to help you."

Poor Ruth flushed painfully, while the children shrieked with laughter.

The stranger looked very amused at her



## Told at the Harvest Decorations

as she stammered her thanks. Then, catching sight of the corn, he exclaimed, "I suppose you know you are stealing my property and trespassing on my ground."

"I only plucked a few stalks," she faltered, feeling very foolish. She had not got over her undignified fall.

Eric and Sybil clung to his arms. "Dear Boaz," they cried, "don't hurt Miss Ruth. She was only getting a little corn for father's Harvest Festival."

"No, we are staying at Mrs. Wade's in the village," replied the child, before her governess could answer.

"So! Let me see. Boaz helped Ruth, I believe."

Sybil nodded.

Turning round, he called one of the reapers and bade him take a big sheaf up to Mrs. Wade's for "Miss Ruth Girling."

The children danced round in glee, while Ruth tried to thank him. She felt confused



SHOUTS OF MERRY LAUGHTER FLOATED ACROSS THE FIELD

"Besides," added Sybil, "people always gleaned corn in the old days. Father said they were allowed to, and it was not stealing."

"Oh! so this is Ruth, and I am Boaz," said the man, with twinkling eyes, looking down at the little suppliants. "Ruth turned out a relation, did she not?"

"Yes," answered Sybil, "and Miss Ruthie says your name is the same as hers."

"What, Girling?" he asked, looking surprised. "I have never met any one of the name before. May I ask if you live here?"

at his steady gaze, and wondered whether the children's parents would approve of the conversation.

"Come, children," she said suddenly, "we must be going home."

"Oh, Miss Ruthie," cried Eric, "why you said this morning we should stay out ever so long."

"No, indeed," retorted their new friend, "I find you trespassing, so I shall not allow you to go."

Sybil clung to Ruth, looking rather scared.

"We prosecute trespassers with the utmost rigour of the law, so I think I shall

## Told at the Harvest Decorations

have to keep you in 'durance vile' for a short time."

"Where is vile durance?" asked Eric, with wide-open eyes.

"If you come across the next field, you will find the river and my boat-house, and in that boat-house, maybe, there will be some—some *goodies*."

"Come on," shouted Eric, starting at full speed. His new acquaintance laughingly caught him by the jacket. Seizing Sybil's hand, he said, "Now we will go. If Miss Ruth does not like to come, we will let her go home."

"Yes, you can go home," called Eric patronisingly.

She, however, went on with them, as she could not leave the children. After all, he looked quite a gentleman, and they were certainly trespassing on his ground.

"I think I am to be trusted," he murmured, watching her face, "and you know you were in the wrong."

She laughed, but was distressed at the way in which he read her thoughts. Her discomfort was heightened by Eric saying, "Oh, Miss Ruthie, how red you are."

Sybil agreed, adding, "I would not be afraid of Boaz, would you, Eric?"

"Hush! Sybil," replied Ruth, "you must say Mr. Girling."

"Why, isn't your name Boaz?" asked the little girl.

"I am afraid it is not," replied Mr. Girling, shaking his head ruefully.

"O—oh, but it does not matter. Now you will not take our Miss Ruthie away."

"Sybil, you must not say such things," said Ruth, quite horror-struck, while Mr. Girling laughed amusedly.

They spent a very happy morning, which was enhanced by a delightful drive home in a dog-cart.

When they reached their lodgings, Miss Girling found they had been sent for. They therefore left immediately, taking a gigantic sheaf of corn with them.

### II

#### "THE END OF BARLEY HARVEST"

"By the way," cried the Rev. Alec Stewart to his wife, when the children and their governess had left the breakfast-table, "I had a letter from Jack Girling asking me to invite him for the Harvest Festival

some days ago. I have just heard he is coming this afternoon."

"Very well, dear," replied his wife calmly. She was used to her husband's invitations, and never expressed surprise. They had all kinds of visitors to stay at the Manse, both rich and poor. "I will tell the maids to prepare his room."

"It is strange that Jack has the same name as our governess," mused her husband.

"She told me once she had no relations but an old aunt, whom she has never seen. This aunt has paid for her education, but has never given her a home. That is why I pity her so. She is such a sweet, ladylike girl. It seems so dreadful she never had a home till she came here."

"Thanks to you, dear, she seems very happy with us," answered the minister, giving her a bright smile. He was very happy with his wife.

"Yes, I know she is. I am going to send her to help decorate at the church. Eric and Sybil are taking the big sheaf their 'Mr. Boaz' gave them."

"I expect I shall look in during the evening," said her husband thoughtfully. "I rather think Jack will go there straight, as he offered to help in the decorations."

Jack Girling did go straight to the church that afternoon, with the hope of finding some one there who had crept into his heart amongst the summer corn. He stood at the door,—his presence making a great commotion amongst the lady-helpers round the pulpit. He looked all round with a disappointed air, for Ruth, partly on account of her position, and chiefly on account of her prettiness, had been left severely alone in the gallery. Suddenly he heard shrieks of delight from that direction.

"Why, Sybil, look, there is our Mr. Boaz," called out Eric, waving an evergreen over the railings.

Jack bounded up the stairs. At the door he was seized by two eager little folk.

"Hullo, little people! where on earth did you run away to?" he cried. "It has taken me all this time to find you. But I have something very important to say to Miss Ruthie. Suppose," he added persuasively, "you go down and keep everybody away from the gallery. I can help to decorate."

"Come on, Sybil," said Eric importantly. "I'll even keep father away." Sybil was shocked, and they heard her reproving Eric all the way down-stairs.

## Told at the Harvest Decorations

Ruth flushed as Jack came up to her. She was indignant with herself for still being so foolish. Yet, if she had made confession, her thoughts had always roamed to the adventure in the cornfields. Many were the scoldings she had given herself in consequence.

"How well *your* corn looks down there," he said softly.

"Yes, it was very kind of you to send such a big sheaf; Mr. Stewart was very pleased with it."

"It is a precious thing to give away what is not your own!"

"Not your own," she echoed. "I thought you were the owner."

"So did I till the morning after you had vanished. I found you had departed, so I strolled into the next village to see an old aunt. She is a crabbed old woman, but I generally pay her a visit. To my surprise, I saw a letter with the name 'Miss Ruth Girling.'"

"You saw a letter," she interrupted wonderingly. "Why, was it at a Mrs. Clifton's?"

"Yes," he replied, "she is my mother's sister."

"She brought me up and educated me," said the girl. "I sometimes tried to see her, but she would never meet me. I have often wondered why it was."

"Ruth, dear," he said, taking both her hands and speaking very quietly, "a cruel wrong has been done to you. Your father was my father's elder brother. Unhappily he quarrelled with our grandfather, or else mischief was made between them. He left the village with his wife. They had no children for some years, and then, after you were born, he died. My own father had died some years before. We, of course, never heard of your birth. I suppose I am some nine years older than you. When my grandfather lay on his death-bed, my aunt nursed him. And after all these years she has only just told me what she did. The poor old man was constantly asking for your father. 'He was his eldest son,' he would say, 'and ought to have the money; or if he were dead, his children should have it. The money had always passed from father to eldest child,' he would moan. Now, my aunt knew of your existence, because, dear child, your mother died in giving you birth. Mrs. Clifton paid for your support in order that she could keep an eye on you. She was determined the

son of her sister should have the money. She told the old man that his son was dead and had left a son named John. He sent for me, and I can just remember that he kissed me and told me to let by-gones be by-gones and try to love his memory. My aunt persuaded him to make out the will mentioning my name in particular. This he did, and acting on her advice, suggested the purchase of a farm and land for me. He, himself, had simply lived on his money. So, you see, I came into possession of money which by rights belongs to you. I thought it strange she should know another Girling named Ruth, and insisted on full explanations. She would not give me your address, and Mrs. Wade had lost it. I have only just succeeded in tracing you to the house of my old college chum. You were not really trespassing that day, but I was."

"Oh," gasped the girl, "ought I to be rich?"

"Yes," he added, "and of a very old Suffolk family."

"How lovely to be great and rich," she cried excitedly.

"You are a mercenary little thing," he said, giving her a gentle shake.

"But," she added, more slowly, "if the money was willed to you, it is surely yours. I could not touch it, could I?"

"I do not know about that," he said.

"In fact, I am not going to let you try. I realise quite as much as you the importance of money, though it is not the best thing. At the same time I cannot keep it. So what are we to do? Can you suggest a way out of the difficulty?" He looked quizzically at her as he spoke. "Do you read your Bible?"

"Why, of course," she said hastily.

"Cannot you find a somewhat similar story about kinsfolk?" he said, with the corners of his mouth twitching. He enjoyed the confusion she always fell into at his speeches.

"I do not know what you mean," she whispered, feeling half inclined to cry.

"Shall I call the children," he said insinuatingly, "and ask them?"

"Oh no, please do not," she pleaded. She gave him an appealing glance.

"Well, there, little girl, I will not tease you any more. When I picked you up and heard the children call you 'Ruthie,' I thought what a charming ideal you made for that sweet old story." He dropped his

## Told at the Harvest Decorations



"ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE FUTURE  
MRS. GIRLING"

voice, and came nearer. Putting his arm about her, he said, "When they called me 'Boaz,' I felt I should like to be Boaz to such a Ruth. Such is my solution to the present difficulty. What say you, my dear little gleaner?"

She dropped her eyes, and fondled the flowers she had been arranging.

"I am waiting," he said, giving her a gentle squeeze.

"Sybil had been talking about the story," she faltered. "And when you came along I wished—I thought—I should like you to be my Boaz."

The minister climbed the gallery, steps, followed by an expostulating, indignant son.

"Why, Jack, old man," he commenced. "Oh, I beg your pardon—I—er—I—sup-

pose you know you are in a church," he went on, looking very amazed at the couple.

"Is it not the best place to meet?" coolly retorted Jack. "Allow me to introduce the future Mrs. Girling."

"Oh," rejoined his friend, "I do indeed congratulate you. My wife will be delighted! You must tell us all about it."

"Miss Ruthie," put in Eric, tearfully, "though he was my father, I did indeed try to stop him. I said Mr. Boaz was talking to you, but he would not listen."

"I am very sorry," began his father, contritely, but Jack interrupted him.

"Never mind, old man; you did your level best for a fellow, and Boaz is really going to run away with Miss Ruthie after all."

# Fish and Fishermen

BY THE LATE PREBENDARY HARRY JONES

FISH and fishermen seem to hold an exceptionally distinguished place in the world of animals that are killed for the table, or followed for sport, and of the men who pursue and eat them. Loaves and "fishes" conventionally represent human food, but while bread is much the same all the world over, fish include (from the periwinkle to the sturgeon) a multitude of shapes, and provide a notable variety of flavours for the palate. I am not sure whether some parts of the whale are not eaten, but at any rate Eskimo like blubber as much as the alderman does red-mullet and whitebait. Then, too, while corn is always reaped, fish are netted, hooked, or speared. Moreover (though we "stock" ponds and rivers), there is no "tillage" of the waters. It is not that they are "barren," however, but simply "unreaped," and no scythe can reach their unfathomable depths. The deepest sea-soundings, indeed, where the pressure of the water is enormous, resulted in the raising to the surface of queer unheard-of pigmy fish (if they may be so called), which were no sooner relieved from the abysmal ocean squeeze in which they had been born and lived, than they "came to pieces." What sightless monsters may be ever roaming throughout the silent regions into which no sunbeam finds its way, no man knows. We are left to conjecture their thoughts when they felt the dredge of the *Challenger* let down among them, and scrape the floor of their presumably inviolate abode. Why should the manifold and confident chronicles of a sea-serpent be so generally accounted as incredible? What limit dare we place to the "wonders of the deep"? When we consider not merely the extent and depth of the waters that cover the earth, but take into account their successive strata down to that immediately above the lowest ocean bed where the blind creatures of eternal darkness abide, we may well be amazed at the prodigality of life which abounds in the watery world. These profuse resources of production are indeed not left to imagination, since they present themselves to our senses in every roe of a fish (where each egg is its potential successor) that is laid

upon our table. This provision of heirs, however, does not forecast the spread of that particular family so much as the feeding of others with whom it is at feud. Those animals which dwell upon the surface of the earth have a great variety of food, including not only other warm-blooded creatures and the fruits of the ground, but the produce of the waters as well. The larder of fish, on the other hand, is chiefly filled by themselves, in the shape of their own persons; and the alacrity with which they devour one another shows their confidence in its abundant supply. A hungry lion displays a fine appetite when he secures an antelope out of a herd, but what is this compared with that of a whale which swallows a multitude of live herrings at each mouthful of its breakfast?

Our belief in the immeasurable majority of fish over other living animals is accompanied by the reflection that they are nevertheless mostly invisible. We can see the herd of cattle on the plain or hill, and watch the flight of birds in the air, however wild they may be. Some insects, indeed, may elude us, but not because they cannot be seen. It is the visibility of small creeping things which, to some eyes, makes them obnoxious. Members of the sex which now claims equality with man have been known to scream at the sight of a stingless earwig or spider. And if we wish to look into the world of insignificance we have only to put an eye to a microscope, and the minutest of its living creatures (in the drop, or on the speck of matter) is plainly to be seen. But no instrument has yet been found which enables us to peer into the depths of the sea, or reveal to us (*in situ*) even a tadpole beneath the weeds in a pond. True, a whale will sometimes show its back above the waves, we can see the lazy chub turning himself in the hole of a clear stream, and frolicsome little dace leap above its surface, but the great world of fish is hidden from our sight. It is not till the net comes up, or the reluctant prize is landed in the boat or on the bank, that we can examine or even steadily set our eyes upon the inhabitant of the ocean or the pool.



## Fish and Fishermen

Then, too, a fish is like the "tongue, which no man can tame." We impress the horse and the ass, the ox and the goat, into our service. Pictured loves lead the tiger with a string, indicating man's compelling power over the fiercest brute. Even fleas have been put into harness, and drawn a tiny cart, but no man can put a collar on the neck of a porpoise, or a bit into the mouth of a shark. No salmon can be trained like a decoy duck to entice its fellows into the net, nor tench taught to sit on its end or wag its tail at the smile of a human master. Unmolested carp have, indeed, learnt to await and welcome a donor of crumbs, and witless trout have mistaken the intentions of the "tickler," yet no one has made a friend or servant of a fish. Moreover, though we may ground-bait a pond, and put oysters to bed, no keeper of the most exclusive and closely-preserved fishery, who has never allowed a poacher to show himself within his domain, can arrange a "drive" for the hooks of a master and his friends. No water-bailiff of a lake blows a horn with which, like a herdsman, he calls his watery cattle home. There is no public aquarium in which the fattest can win a prize. The duke who owns a salmon river has not (as with his acres) any possession in what (beside the salmon themselves) it contains. He may talk of the soil in his fields, how in one place, through the chemistry of agriculture, he has restored its fertility, and in another how he hopes to find brick-earth for his cottages. But he can claim no property in the stream which flows through his land. It is not his. It comes from the clouds and goes to the sea. If he dared to stop its course it would defy his interference, flood his corn, drown his cattle, and fill his cellars with water instead of wine. He may draw salmon or trout from it if he can, but the element in which they live is their own, and not shared with him like the meadow in which his sheep are fed. When thus we think of fish, in the river or the sea, we feel at once that the world they inhabit severs them with special difference from all the other animals man kills for food or follows for sport.

And if we turn our thoughts to those who are fishermen by trade or taste, we seem to come upon a class as distinct in their ways from other men as the prey they pursue is from that taken upon the earth. No horses or dogs assist them in

its pursuit if they seek to catch it for amusement, and if it is their trade to take it there is no functionary among them corresponding to the butcher who slaughters the beast he sells. Barring lobsters and crabs, the animals sold by the fishmonger are seldom killed, except by Nature—i. e. by being denied the element in which only they can live. We should decline (if we knew it) the mutton of a sheep which had been drowned, but without hesitation we eat the turbot which meets with an analogous death. While thinking, moreover, about the capture of fish as a business we are struck by the variety of conditions under which it is procured for the market. Almost all the flesh-meat bought there is artificially prepared for the table. It has been bred and fattened by the farmer, and kept under his eye from its birth. Even if it should chance to be mutton from New Zealand, it has been the subject of still more scientific culture and commercial handling than that which is produced and nourished in our own home-fields, since it will have been frozen, thawed, and taken (after its death) a long sea voyage before being put upon the spit. It is true that cod are brought from Newfoundland, and salted fish of divers sorts carried great distances by ship or train, but they are not even seen till they are killed.

Then, too, the actual pursuit of land game by the sportsman presents much the same features everywhere. It is seen, followed or driven, and shot, whether in the turnip-fields of Norfolk, the moors and deer forests of Scotland, or the jungles of Africa. The scenery changes, indeed, but in each case the implement used is almost invariably a gun, and the business is carried on in broad daylight. Fish, however, are caught by night as much as by day, and the apparatus for catching them varies from a roach rod in the Thames to a harpoon in Arctic seas, as when the Emperor of Germany was pleased to amuse himself by killing whales.

But though the pursuit of fish may be both perilous and toilsome, no craft is marked by such gentle procedure, or honoured with such august associations as that of the fisherman. The Apostles themselves were mainly chosen not from among the shepherds of Galilee, nor the sowers in the field, nor the keepers of vineyards, nor the craftsmen of Nazareth, but from the toilers in the lake of Capernaum, and the

## Fish and Fishermen

successor of a fisherman sits in the papal chair. Perhaps the most familiar and lasting of the comparisons between things human and divine survives in the likening of the kingdom taught by the early disciples, to a "net" which gathers of every kind. The present unassorted mixture of good and bad in the Church is aptly fitted by this illustration. A "fish," too, is one of the most ancient pictured ecclesiastical symbols, the letters of this word (in Greek) being taken to indicate a central Christian truth.

Possibly these grave illustrations have not been without their influence in affecting the estimate of the fisherman's craft. That somewhat callous gentleman, Mr. Isaak Walton, takes much credit to himself on the score of its historical sacredness even when he discourses on the admirable tenacity of life displayed by the frog as a bait. Nevertheless, though toilers in the North Sea have to do boisterous work, and harpoons are fired from a gun (to say nothing of some ghastly device for exploding a torpedo in the belly of a sleeping whale), the pursuit of an angler is notable for its silence, and the peaceful surroundings amidst which it is followed. It is doubtful, indeed, whether fish can hear, and (barring the experience of Mr. Brigg's little boy, when a pike "flew at him and barked like a dog") certainly they do not speak (unless the little osculating smacks of tench on still summer evenings among the weeds may be called speech) nor even cry out when they are hurt. No yelping hounds take part in their capture, and we do not often hear of a man going fishing on horseback. No rabble of "beaters" drive the scared game towards the expectant fisher. No keeper breaks in upon his silence with cries of "Mark!" No insistent law compels him to trudge through turnips hour after hour, and keep the line with other "guns" (perhaps eagerly forward) who, in these days of breechloaders, allow him no pause for the deliberate "powder—shot—wadding—and cap business" (since he can put in another cartridge as he walks), and, especially if the birds are at all wild, look black at him should he venture to talk.

Our fisherman, however, has no such imperative conditions to fulfil, but can saunter or stop, as he will, and if he should have a companion, finds the time specially fitted for a pleasant chat. Then, too, he takes in with open quiet sense the voices and

sweet odours of the meadow and the river-side. He watches closely the ways of the bird (unscared by the banging of guns), and stoops to pluck the flower in the grass, or note the business of an ant-hill.

It may be replied that he is, nevertheless, bent on the taking of life, and that from the worm's point of view (though a dead one is a really effective bait) the situation is not without its drawbacks, while fish also show reluctance to sympathise with him at being "played." There is something, however, to be said for the fisherman's estimate of his "sport," in that he deals with cold-blooded animals which not only feel less than others, but do not inhabit the same element as himself. They belong to another world. This may sound cynical, and yet so much is common to man and those which hear, breathe his air, share his food, dwell upon his earth, and see daily what he sees in the fields, that the taking of their lives is an appreciably different procedure to the catching of alien creatures whose conditions of life are wholly unlike his own. He can tame a hare, but could never teach a fish to know his voice. There is no making of a pike into a "pet." In comparing the ways of a fisherman with those of one who follows the hounds or carries a gun, we are also struck by the diversity of the methods employed by him in conducting his sport. It is not merely that he uses instruments so unlike one another as a rod and a net, while a gun, or cartridge, though it be filled with different sizes of shot, is much the same in all cases, but the variety of his baits or flies is endless. Then, too, the man who shoots has only to hold straight when his game is within range, but the angler has to think about what he shall put on his hook according to the season of the year, the time of the day, the nature of the weather, the kind of fish he wants to catch, and the various humours which affect them. Fish are cunning and capricious.

Possibly it is his need of the manifold discernment which he is obliged to exercise in following his craft that helps to create the thoughtful, contemplative nature of the devoted fisherman, but however that may be, we cannot think of him and his ways without feeling at once that he stands and moves apart from the ranks of sportsmen almost as much as the creatures he pursues differ from other animals which are hunted for the hunter's pleasure, or taken for human food.

## Falkirk, Past and Present

BY ROBERT COCHRANE

**S**ITUATED near the heart of Scotland, midway between Highlands and Lowlands, midway too between her chief towns of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Falkirk is splendidly located as a commercial and industrial centre, with convenient carriage by canal and rail, and equally convenient for sea-borne traffic by the Firth of Forth. It is twenty-five miles distant from Edinburgh, is the chief seat of the light casting trade in Scotland at its twenty-three foundries in and around the town, while brewing, distilling, and the manufacture of dynamite and chemicals are its other chief industries. The nail-making of Camelon has given place to iron foundries and chemical works. At Falkirk Tryst, as the great cattle market held on Stenhouse Muir is called, stock to the value of one million sterling was annually sold, although the railways and private auction marts have lessened the importance of this great market.

The growth and prosperity of the town have been mainly coincident with the rise of the iron industry. John Roebuck, M.D., a distinguished Sheffield chemist, grandfather of the late John Arthur Roebuck, M.P., organised a small company, chose Carron as the field for its operations, and on and after 1760 the iron industry was placed on a progressive and satisfactory basis. The products of Carron foundries, or of Falkirk Iron Works, which dates from 1819, have carried the name of Falkirk over the whole civilised world. The growth of the town has been in proportion, and is now about 30,000, comprehending what were formerly suburbs. Not only did Dr. Roebuck organise Carron Iron Works, but in befriending James Watt and helping him at a critical period of his career, he furthered the invention of the steam engine. The successful experiments with the marine engine under William Symington, Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, and Thomas Lord Dundas, were partly made in the Forth and Clyde Canal here.

1017

As the cradle of the steam engine and marine engine, therefore, Falkirk has claims upon our grateful attention.

Not less interesting is Falkirk and district from an historical and antiquarian point of view. The Roman Wall of Antoninus, dating from A.D. 140, passes through the town from the Forth to the Clyde, and great interest has been evinced by many of its intelligent inhabitants in the excavations made at the Roman stations of Camelon and Castlecary. There are traditions regarding Wallace as well as authentic history regarding the battle of Falkirk in 1298. Prince Charles Edward defeated Hawley at Bannockburn in 1746. There are traditionary stories of Queen Mary and her visits to Callendar House while moving towards Glasgow or Stirling. In addition to Roebuck, Watt, and Symington, the godly Robert Bruce



Photo by Ian L. MacLuckie

THE CASTLE FROM THE NORTH

## Falkirk, Past and Present

of Kinnaird, as well as James Bruce of Kinnaird, the eminent Abyssinian traveller, have lent a lustre to the whole district. The fame and good name of both are imperishable, and their dust rests in Larbert churchyard close by. Robert Moffat too, the South African missionary, spent part of his boyhood here, and returned late in life to identify his early home, when his heart was moved and touched by the simplicity of the place, and the kindly welcome he received from rich and poor alike.

Falkirk is a good centre from which to visit the Roman Wall of Antoninus, which here spans Scotland at its narrowest part. The Glasgow Archaeological Society and the Scottish Society of Antiquaries have both made interesting excavations and discoveries on the line of the wall within recent years. Much less imposing than the English wall between Wallsend and the Solway, as it was of turf or sods, with a ditch and military way, yet the stations of Camelon and Castlecary, lately disclosed, have been fruitful of interest, and amongst the finds was a sculptured stone with a Roman trampling on a prostrate native, now in the Antiquarian Museum. It bears some resemblance to the memorial stone built into the wall of Hexham Cathedral, although this last is the finer of the two. Fragments of Samian bowls, bronze objects, small cups, lamps, spear-heads, stone implements, and sandals were found here and at Castlecary. Camelon station, which consists of two quadrilateral works, is now covered up as before, and two new foundries have since been built on portions of the station. The fort of Castlecary, six miles south-west of Falkirk, to the east of the North British Railway viaduct, seems to have been used as a quarry when the Forth and Clyde Canal was being cut. Quantities of charred wheat were discovered in 1771, and also last year. The massive outer wall, about eight feet thick, is a discovery, and was a surprise even to Mr. Haverfield, who has said there is no finer specimen of Roman work in Britain.

"Arthur's Oon," or Oven, a curious beehive-shaped building of stone, stood near a point some three hundred feet from the north-west corner of Carron Iron Works, but was demolished in 1743. The proprietor at Stenhouse used the stones for repairing a dam across Carroñ river, thus inflicting an irreparable loss on the district. There is a drawing of it in Gordon's *Itinerarium* (1726).

1018

The interior was twenty feet in diameter, and the building was of hewn sandstone. Antiquarians have puzzled themselves as to whether it was a tomb, or camp, or temple. Another antiquity was Wallace's tree, which in 1794 was only a shell, with a branch or two. It stood on the land of Blairs, near Larbert.

The cruciform parish church of Falkirk is said to have been originally founded by Malcolm Canmore. The modern church was razed to the ground in 1810 and restored. The ancient steeple, one hundred and thirty feet high, serves for a vestibule. A curious stone found during the restoration seems to have been the top of an ancient cross. The name Falkirk is derived by some from *Eaglaisbrec*, "speckled church" in the Gaelic, or the Latin *Varia Capella*. The late Marquis of Bute has erected a monument to those who fell at the battle of Falkirk in 1298 at the west of the church door. The tomb of Sir John de Graeme, the friend of Wallace, is a great centre of interest with its four blocks of stone over the grave, surrounded by a Gothic cupola, which unites in the centre with a gilded coronet and the Scottish lion rampant. On the topmost stone there is this inscription in Scotch:—

"Here lies Sir John the Graeme, both wight and wise,

Ane of the chiefs who reskewit Scotland thrise;  
Ane better knight not to the world was lent,  
Nor was gude Graeme of truth and hardiment."

The tomb of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, in the line of the Royal Stewarts, is near by. It has this inscription roughly cut on its face—"Here lies a Scottish hero, Sir John Stewart, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk, 22nd July, 1298." The scene of the battle of Falkirk to-day is one of peaceful industry, and lies midway between the Carron and the town. A memorial known as Wallace's Stone (1810) stands on the top of a hill one mile south-east of Callendar.

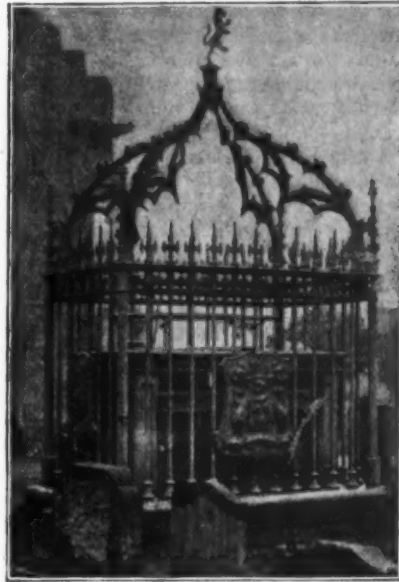
Before leaving the churchyard the tombstone near the gate claims our attention, dated 1749, with rude effigies of Adam and Eve carved thereon, fig-leaf adornment, and very black-looking. The motto above is: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Another odd stone in Larbert churchyard had an inscription on the back telling that the owner had "two lairs here." As it stood the inscription read "Two Liars Here!"



## Falkirk, Past and Present

There is a statue to the Duke of Wellington in the High Street: one to the patron of the industries of the place, John Roebuck, M.D., would be more to the purpose. One of the earliest steam engines in the district was erected in 1745 for pumping water from the colliery of Elphinstone. The cylinder and other parts were of brass or bronze. The first steam engine on a coalfield was erected by Mr. Dundas of Carron Hall in 1760. An excellent pumping engine erected by William Symington did duty at Kinnaird colliery until recently. But the main fillip to the industries of the place came when Dr. Roebuck and his partners, William Cadell of Cockenzie, John Cadell, Samuel Garbett of Birmingham, and Roebuck's brothers Ebenezer, Thomas, and Benjamin, joined forces, and with the modest capital of £12,000 started Carron Iron Works in 1760. The furnaces, a great feature in the landscape by day or night, have been lighted ever since. This was practically the introduction of the iron industry to Scotland.

Dr. Roebuck, the son of a Sheffield manufacturer, born in 1718, was trained under Dr. Doddridge at Northampton, and afterwards attended Edinburgh University. It is believed that his acquaintance with Hume and Robertson and other friends helped to decide him to settle in Scotland. A flourishing manufacturing chemist, inventor of the modern process of making



*Photo by Mungo Buchanan*

TOMB OF SIR JOHN LE GRAEME, SHOWING THE DIFFERENT SLABS, ONE ABOVE ANOTHER, SURMOUNTED BY A BRAZEN SWORD

sulphuric acid in leaden vessels in large quantities instead of in glass vessels as formerly, he inaugurated at Carron the use of "green" or ordinary pit-coal instead of charcoal for smelting the iron. The choice of situation was also his, as well as the enthusiasm, skill and energy with which the undertaking was carried through. In view of the whole circumstances, Dr. Smiles was justified in saying that had he wholly succeeded he probably would have been looked upon as one of Scotland's greatest benefactors to-day. Skilled workmen were brought from England to Carron, and in the first year the produce of iron was 1500 tons, then practically the whole output of Scotland. Everything was new, the furnaces, machinery, materials, and workmen. Yet success was assured; the capital was increased to £150,000 by 1771, and two years later it received its Royal charter. Carron became famous for castings, and gave its name to carronades, none of which were made after 1852. Here also was made the Duke of Wellington's battering train. In the early days Smeaton had been called in, and erected the most perfect blowing apparatus then known for the furnaces. The cutting of the Forth and Clyde Canal

1019



ADAM AND EVE, ON TOMESTONE OF 1749, IN FALKIRK CHURCHYARD



## Falkirk, Past and Present

after designs by Smeaton and Brindley followed as a matter of course.

To-day the Caledonian and North British Railways provide ample facilities for Falkirk with the two stations, and Carron Iron Works has twenty-five miles of its own railway track, eleven locomotives, and a fleet of boats for the east coast trade. The moulding shops of the light foundry cover four acres; the new engineering shop is fitted with the newest machinery in every department. Carron Company now employs some 6000 people; there is a coal consumption of 4000 tons a week in the iron works, foundries, and steamers. Some 1500 tons of pig-iron are produced weekly, or the same as the whole of Scotland produced annually when the firm began. Amongst the visitors to Carron have been Robert Burns, who

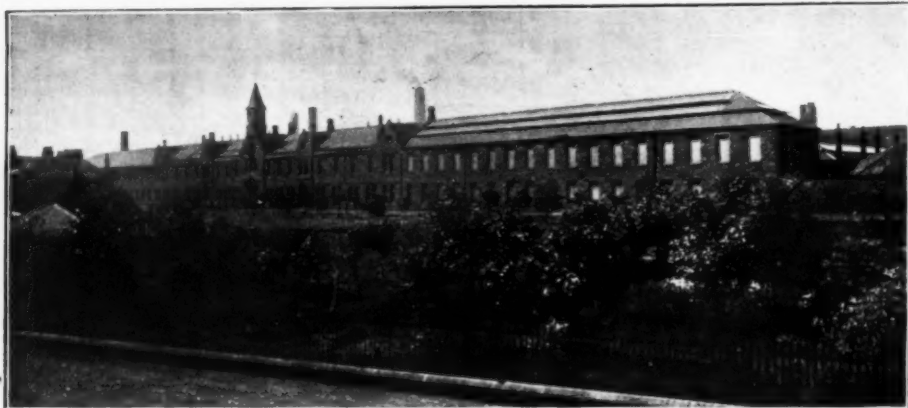
iron industry, but near his home at Kinneil House, Boness, he leased collieries, and invited James Watt thither, and there the working model of a pumping engine was made. The out-house, much ruined, which was Watt's workshop may still be seen. Roebuck became partner with Watt, paid his debts, and encouraged the then desponding inventor in every way. Under the bust of William Symington in the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art there is this inscription:—

WILLIAM SYMINGTON  
ENGINEER

BORN AT LEADHILLS, LANARKSHIRE 1764

DIED AT LONDON, 1831

In June 1768 he constructed for Patrick Miller, Esq., of Dalswinton, the first successful experimental steamboat; and in 1801-2 designed and built at Grangemouth, for Lord Dundas, the first practical steamboat, the *Charlotte Dundas*.



FRONT VIEW OF CARRON IRON WORKS

wrote satirical verses when refused admittance; Prince Nicholas, afterwards the Emperor Nicholas; and our King when Prince of Wales, who was shown the mystery of casting a three-legged pot.

The next largest of the twenty-three foundries in this district is that of the Falkirk Iron Works, founded by workmen from Carron in 1819, and now belonging to Messrs. Kennard. The buildings cover thirteen acres, and employ 1300 persons. An even larger number of miscellaneous articles are made here than at Carron, including fire-grates, stoves, baths, placards for cocoa and for street corners; telegraph poles which have gone to South America, Persia, and Uganda, besides Kaffir three-legged pots.

Not only did Dr. Roebuck further the

The trials of the *Charlotte Dundas* were successful, at the instance of Lord Dundas, governor of the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, but his fellow-shareholders, apprehensive that the canal banks would be damaged by the back-wash of the steamer, discountenanced further effort. Symington for a period afterwards was in the employment of the Callendar Coal Company, Falkirk, retired to London, where he died in 1831, a disappointed man, and was buried at St. Botolph's, in Aldgate. The hull of the *Charlotte Dundas* lay for many years in a creek of the Forth and Clyde Canal near Camelon. The engine was made at Carron.

In Larbert churchyard, about two miles from Falkirk, are the tombs of several managers of Carron Iron Works, and of

## Falkirk, Past and Present

James Bruce of Kinnaird, the Abyssinian traveller, as also of godly Robert Bruce (1554-1631) of the same family. A new mansion has been erected at Kinnaird, and the traveller's fine museum has been scattered. After braving the perils of the African desert, a simple accident on his own staircase while handing a lady into her carriage ended his career in 1794. His tomb, in a sadly neglected condition behind Larbert church, bears this inscription:—

"In this tomb are deposited the remains of James Bruce, Esquire, of Kinnaird, Who died on the 27th of April, 1794, in the 64th year of his age. His life was spent in performing useful and splendid actions.

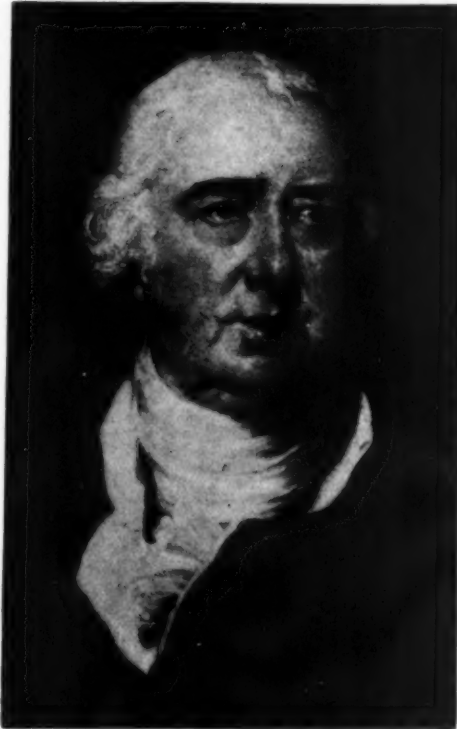
He explored many distant regions;  
He discovered the fountains of the Nile;  
He traversed the deserts of Nubia.  
He was an affectionate husband,  
An indulgent parent,  
And ardent lover of his country.

By the unanimous voice of mankind  
His name is enrolled with those  
who were conspicuous  
For genius, for valour,  
and for virtue."

Robert Bruce, the theologian, was the second son of Sir Alexander Bruce of Airth, and claimed descent from the Royal Family of Bruce. Wodrow terms him one of the most distinguished men Scotland has ever produced, and James VI. said ere he quarrelled with him that he was worth half his kingdom. When the king went to Norway in 1589 to fetch his bride, Bruce was appointed an extraordinary Privy Councillor, and when the queen was crowned at Holyrood in 1590 she was anointed by Bruce. What was more important, Bruce was a man anointed of the Holy Ghost, who rebuilt Larbert church,

and preached there after his banishment by the king from Edinburgh. He was born in 1554, and died in 1631, aged 77. His remains were buried under the pulpit of the old church, now the open churchyard. Livingstone, a contemporary, said of him, "Mr. Robert Bruce I several times heard, and, in my opinion, never man spake with greater power since the Apostles' days." Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston has a touching reference to Bruce in his *Twofold Life*.

Falkirk has a good town hall, new post office, and free library recently inaugurated by Mr. Andrew Carnegie after the adoption of the Free Library Act. The town motto, "Touch ane, touch a'," is excellent, and as to the other qualities of the people we have this proverb, "Like the bairns o' Falkirk, they'll end ere they mend." The burgh buildings and prison date from 1869, and are in the Scottish baronial style. A Science and Art School was opened by Lord Rosebery in 1878. There is also a Corn Exchange, Young Men's Christian Institute, Catholic Institute, and abundance of Board schools. Falkirk unites with Airdrie, Hamilton, Lanark,



THOMAS LORD DUNDAS

*From a picture in Kersa House, by permission of the Marquis of Zetland*

and Linlithgow in sending one member to Parliament. And now the Town Council of Falkirk propose to extend the burgh so as to include the thriving villages of Larbert, Stenhousemuir, and Carron, and increase the population from 29,000 to 48,000.

No wonder Robert Moffat hardly recognised the place where he attended school while living at Carronshore sixty-three years before. His father's home was a red-tiled cottage near Carron Works, and one of the neighbours saluted him with the query,

## Falkirk, Past and Present

"Are you really the *great Moffat*?" Some of these humble cottagers had watched his career with the greatest interest. Carron river, and even the Firth of Forth, had a shrunken appearance to Moffat, familiar with the mighty African rivers. But in his own old home, in his mind's eye, he

arranged the furniture as it used to be, with the eight-day clock ticking at the wall; the girdel (or oatmeal chest), and the cupboard just there. Dr. Moffat addressed meetings at Carronshore, and came specially from England to take part in the opening services in Carron church.

## Autumn on Exmoor

BY SYBIL MAXWELL

IT is "Bangston Fair weather," that is to say, about "as rough as they make it"—and Bangston Fair, which always comes off on the last Thursday in October, is a great event in the neighbourhood of Exmoor. All the ponies and foals for sale are driven in from the moors and commons to the farmsteads two or three days previously—but in such weather. The driving, rushing wind and heavy wet that one usually associates with a gale at sea. If in waterproof and leggings you sally forth, you soon discover that each tree you pass under is setting up water-works on its own account, and vying with its neighbour as to which shall send the heaviest deluge on your shoulders.

The cows come in cross and dripping, playing all the pranks they know; wet seems to disagree with them; they do not look outwardly drenched, like a horse, nor is their coat waterproof like a stag's, but the wet gets among their hair, and lies under it, as you can see if you will rub their backs with a stick, an attention, by the way, which they highly appreciate.

"Pretty creatures, pretty creatures," says the missis soothingly, driving them into shelter to be milked. But their tempers are bad, and the milking takes twice as long as usual. Their wet sides are so very wet, and drench her to the bone as she works. It is very pretty to be a milkmaid in summer, but you see the reverse side of the medal as Bangston Fair draws near.

Down, down you go till the clear Barle rushes thirty or forty feet below you. The covert is thinning, you can look straight on the stream, and see each heavy raindrop splash as it falls. How the water has risen since yesterday! Then it was low, pellucid;

one passed most of the afternoon in watching the tactics of two water "collies," that is to say, water-ouzel.

At first glance far up the stream, one caught sight of what might have been a white mushroom growing on the side of a boulder—only that is not a way mushrooms have. A second glance, it seemed to narrow, then to widen.

Aha! an ouzel.

He lets one get near enough to see the outline of his dark head, wings and body, before he troubles himself to move. Then, instead of flying away, comes down stream past one; you are convinced he is saying to himself, "This creature doesn't shoot."

Presently another collie appears, and then begins a very pretty game of hide-and-seek. You fear you must have disturbed them fishing, never for the year were seen so many trout.

You could watch their dusky backs for yards in the shallows, and occasionally catch the silver gleam of their undersides as they heeled or listed a little to larboard or starboard in their flight to the waving weed, which is the trout's covert.

To-day trout and collie have stayed at home, only a drenched and disconsolate rook flies croaking across the river.

As for the river, there is an added volume in its song, well worth a walk to hear.

A report from Bangston meets you on your return—

"Beautiful Fair for sheep and oxen, and the ponies going off fine." But oh, the weather! the great guns of wind and the brief but pitiless rain-storms. Danesbrook has not a smile or a shallow left, much less a trout visible. He is black in the face with hurry, depth, importance and the flaws

## Autumn on Exmoor

of wind on his surface. The clouds sail above the brown brows of the ridge, like ships at an aerial regatta. The sere grasses wave along the hill-side, the leafless thorns along the coombes show bluish-white like wood smoke, here and there a sturdy ivy-tree stands forth in vivid contrast. The high beech hedges have lost their outer leaves, the tall lank sticks swaying incessantly in the western gale seem on fire in their midst, for the lower sheltered leaves still remain, glowing like a line of copper-coloured flame.

The frost has somewhat nipped the ferns beneath, and the mosses show out boldly—grey cups and green feathers, and miniature fir-trees, and “through the moss the ivies creep,” showing all manner of lines and veinings, the most superb a dull crimson lined with gold.

The gale seems to get into animals' heads. I hear that the pig has torn the ring off her nose, broken down all manner of fences and palings, got at the corn-rick and pulled out five or six bundles, making a huge hole. The great barn, one day full of golden oats, with the pigeons always on the watch to get in, and difficult to drive out, for there is not much space to move in—another, the thrashing machine comes. Round and round in the space outside plod three good horses, turning it, their driver with them, till you wonder why all four do not fall down with giddiness. Ask the man if he feels it. He says no—so one hopes the horses are made the same way. Inside the barn is a terrific humming of machinery—high aloft on a platform, like the Admiral on his quarter-deck, stands the farmer, feeding the machine with great, shining bundles of oats. Below him two long red trenches dance up and down continually, dropping corn and chaff in heaps, and pushing all the light straw that holds no grain to the end, where one of his sons gathers it and binds it in bundles. The chaff blows out at the open door and falls all over the garden like a drab snow-storm. Meantime the winnowing machine stands still in the corner, looking something like a harmonium, only more determined. Its time will come another day.

This is the land of transformation scenes, with the white fog for the curtain.

One day the hills are imperial purple—lake in places; the mountain ash glows with scarlet clusters, the beech woods and hedges are deep, dark green. You sleep and wake expecting to find things the same next

morning, but all the world is one lazy, hazy, woolly-muffling white. Then the wind blows, the frost puts a finger in the pie, and, hey presto! the mist is gone, and so are the mountain ash berries, and the purple heather, and the green beech woods, and all the world is golden. Golden tresses ripple upon the beech boughs, golden bracken glows upon the wastes, golden stubble, golden corn-ricks. The very moor grasses are golden at the tips, like forests of fairy spears, the evening skies are golden, and down comes the mist again.

Again it lifts, another change, the world is deep, dark bay and russet—the hills covered with the rich mantle of full-leaved, flowerless heather, and red-brown of frost-curved, sapless bracken. Here and there among the magnificent dim gloom a lace-like fern of vivid lemon colour stands conspicuous as would be a lady in evening dress on the benches of the House of Commons.

There are patches of golden furze in full blossom among the heather, low furze, no higher than the ling around it, exquisite when you are tolerably near, but having a somewhat mustard-like effect in the distance. Where the evening sun sinks down towards the hill-top, all the misty lights and distances vanish, and you perceive that what appeared like the steep escarpment of the ridge is formed of beautiful little coombes and glens, and that its sides swell and subside into heights and depressions that seem to have been put across the ridge on some geographical plan of their own, instead of pointing like most hills from earth to sky.

Danesbrook gleams white in its still reaches as the lights lower, but still keeps a deep-toned blue in its stickles. The shadowy trout dart like swift little dreams here and there as you approach—a brace of partridges get up, but, convinced you have no gun, sink again a yard or two off.

Down the steep ridge opposite comes riding the foxhound whip, his coat glowing delightfully against the olives of evening.

“So ho, boys! hound, hound, hound!” he calls. Three follow him, but the pack has gone on with the Master. He touches his cap and gives news of a good run, and the death, and goes on his way.

By day this is a great, wide, restful country, full of the voice of waters and the light of heaven. River Barle murmurs in summer like the song of a friendly guide;



## Autumn on Exmoor

after heavy rain he "cries" like the heavy ebb tide, as his wild surplus waters rush madly to the sea all lurid and swart. The noise rolls and echoes far among the hills with a roar like the boom of waves, and shepherds say—"The floods are going down. Hark to the river crying."

A country of lovely sounds.

"Thunder out of illimitable space"—it booms and roars gloriously under clear autumn skies, as if it were firing friendly salvos of welcome to angels somewhere on the moor. At night the stars come out huge and bright. When the moon is high you rejoice, hunt late, and stay where you are asked to dinner. But where Luna should light your path, she sometimes sulks in a cloud.

Then the blackness of the woodland is indescribable; on foot you feel along for the path with your stick and listen—listen. You will hear the owls hoot among the distant hills, a sleepy, silvery, feathery kind of sound, as it makes its way to you among the leaves. And you prick your ears and fancy you can tell the flap flap of oak-leaves from the rustle of beech, and are mightily sure you know the creak of fir, when hark!—

A big stone rattles down from somewhere, then another. You pause and consider, and foolishly own you would give your eyes to see, but the blackness is thick as eider-down all round you. Below, close covert, that your sight could not possibly penetrate in the clearest daylight, sheers straight down to the Barle. Above, a young oak wood rises up and up to the moor; between these silver stems you can glance in sunlight and become aware of the rocks, ferns, moss cushions, clumps of whortleberry, and boughs that might be antlers, only they are not.

Yet another rolling stone. This time you know it is below you; then snapping of twigs, rustlings—pauses—a silence. You advance a few yards further, and lo! the sounds are repeated, and then you feel sure that a great stag, not caring a rush for your presence, is walking along the bottom almost step for step with you. The hounds are on their benches; you—well, you ought to be in bed; it is his world now, and he knows it. You leave him behind as you quit this silvan darkness, and begin to mount the bare hill.

There are creatures close to you now, shadow-masses cropping at the grass. Can you tell the pull of a cow at the herbage from the drag of a horse, in the darkness? If not, listen for their breath, and use what scent you may possess. One can tell a long way off the lovely aroma of a moor pony, while poets swear by "the breath of kine." *Chacun à son goût*—a horse that has been worked does not smell furry like the wild Exmoors, but has a flavour of harness about him. The saddest sounds of the darkness are the distressful little coughs of the weak-chested among sheep, cattle and horses. You can't make them stay in bed to break-fast, or comfort them with hot tea and flannel vests, at least nobody has tried how they would like that course of treatment.

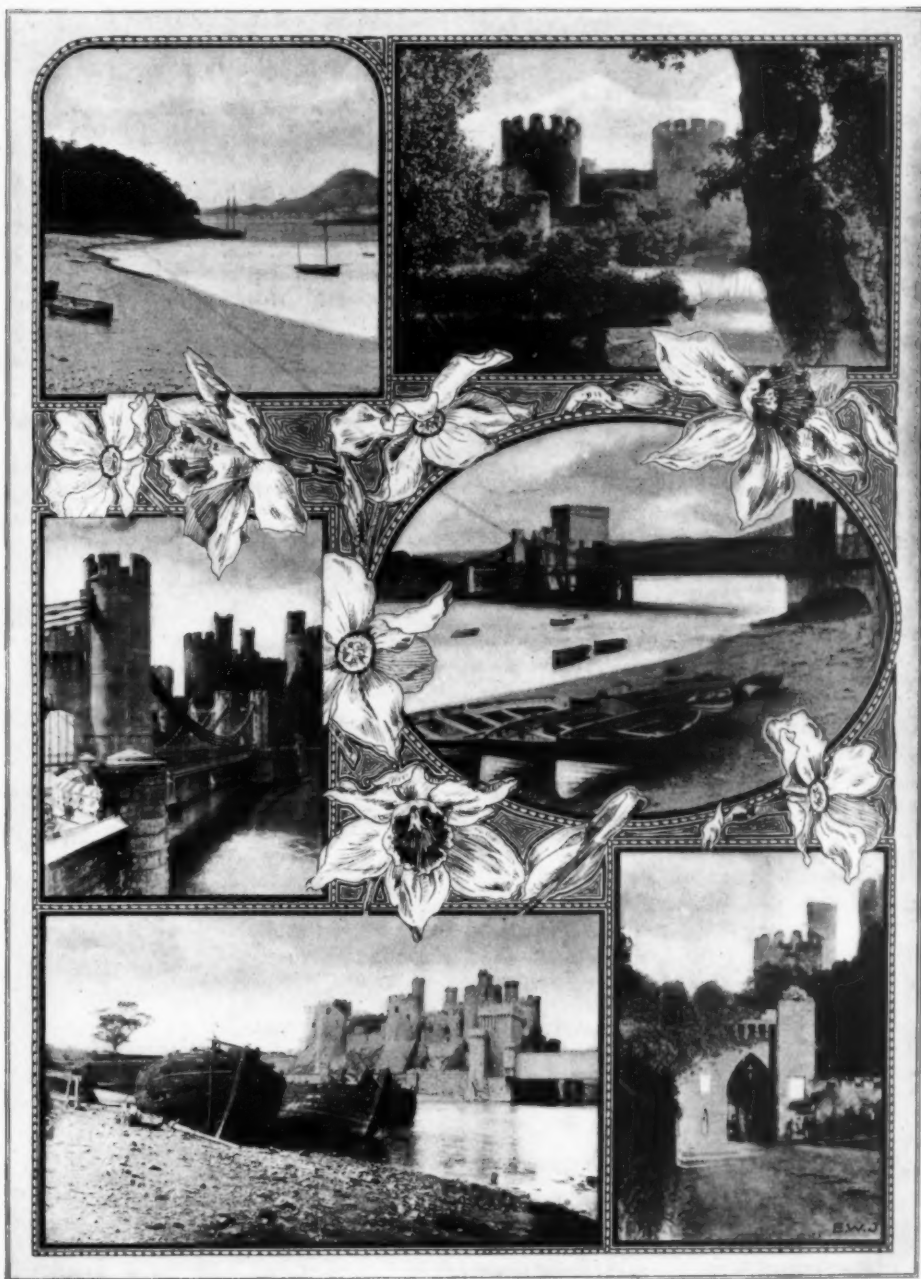
But the sound of sounds to flutter your nerves is a sudden and perfectly thunderous sneeze, from something huge, unknown, not even looming through the gloom; yet so close it may collide with you at any minute. "Get away, whatever you are," you say, whirling your umbrella in a circle, resolved to stick "first touch," instead of "last touch," with the invisible entity which, however, seems as intangible as a ghost.

Now take a foggy night.

A servant with a lantern accompanies you through the deep blackness of the woods, and turns back on reaching the open country. As you glance after the retreating figure, a five-barred gate suddenly evolves itself out of the darkness, and stands out with magical clearness against the low vanishing light for full two minutes. Then it is swallowed up in the white folds of the mist that lies before you, behind you, on either hand, defying you to distinguish from earth or sky save by touch.

Fortunately your way is bounded on one side by a gurgling stream; you listen for its voice and go confidently upwards and upwards, still surrounded by the palpable white veil; damp truly, yet delicious to your nostrils, laden with fresh scents of sea and moorland. On the summit of the hill you suddenly step clean out of it, and behold the stars shining in a clear patch of sky overhead—sky that looks black by contrast with the mist that now lies far below you, sloping away and away down the hills, and lower and lower yet, till it silently kisses the babbling lips of the streams whence it first arose.





Photographed by

# PICTURESQUE CONWAY, NORTH WALES

Ernest W. Jackson

THE SCENE OF WORDSWORTH'S POEM "WE ARE SEVEN" IS LAID HERE

# In the Depths

A WRITER'S EXPERIENCES AMONGST THE VERY POOR

BY ROBERT H. SHERARD

NOT very long ago there appeared in London papers an advertisement issued by a particular kind of tourist agency offering to guide the curious amongst the worst slums of the metropolis. At first sight the perusal of this advertisement may have aroused resentment in the minds of those sincerely interested in the poor, on the same grounds on which some years since the then fashionable craze for "slumming" was severely criticised. On reflection, however, it will have appeared that whatever motives may be appealed to by this advertisement—prying inquisitiveness, morbid curiosity, or impulses even more reprehensible—good, and good only, can be attained by convincing the well-to-do, through the evidence of their own senses, of the terrible conditions under which so many thousands, so many hundreds of thousands of their brothers and sisters live. As every one who has written on the poor knows too well, writing has but little effect. One cannot force people to read, and the public has a habit, for which it is hard to blame, to lay aside the printed page which threatens to harass the feelings or to disturb that euppeptic serenity which is the primary foundation of the comfort of living. Again, as to those, the minority, who do read, it is difficult to persuade them that the facts are as stated. There is in their eyes no proof of the author's veracity beyond his mere assertion, and as to this kind of writing, a general suspicion is abroad that depths are deepened and horrors heightened for the purpose of effect, for the sake of a sensation.

Some months ago I was passing the evening in the smoking-room of a big hotel in Leeds, and to my amusement overheard the conversation between some commercial travellers on a chapter in a book of mine, published some years ago, in which I had described the miserable poverty and more than miserable lives of the slipper-makers in that town. My pages were forcibly denounced, and one gentleman went so far as to express the opinion that the writers of such books should be prosecuted for

malicious libel, tending to disgrace a community. This opinion met with the general approval. I had taken no part in the conversation till then, but just as a fresh topic was about to be raised, I got up and said, "It will be very easy to convince ourselves whether the writer is a liar or not. I happen to know the district of which he writes, and, curiously enough, one or two people engaged in this slipper-making trade. We might walk round to the High Street—it is quite close by—and look into the matter ourselves. It will be instructive, if nothing else." Of the company only two accepted the invitation. As to the others, "they did not care twopence as to how the slipper-makers lived," or "nothing I could show them would convince them that the book in question was anything else than lying trash." I took the two to the High Street and led them to an alley leading into a close known as Turkington's Yard. Here, as usual, a couple of policemen were stationed, and these earnestly advised us to go no further. Some unpleasantness, it appeared, was abroad among the denizens of Turkington's Yard, and we might have our several beauties spoiled. At this suggestion one of my companions turned back. He had seen enough, he said, and he hurried away down the High Street. The other followed me, and a minute or two later we were standing inside the kitchen, the one downstairs room, of a slipper-maker's house. A dripping wall reared itself within three feet of this miserable dwelling. I say we were standing. This was not on account of any want of courtesy on the part of our host, but simply because there were no chairs. An overturned box had served him as a seat, another as a work-table. The room was bare of furniture, the grate was fireless. A big lad, who had become imbecile through want, sat mowing on the staircase.

"If you have come to see your friend the slipper-maker," said the poor man, "you will be disappointed. I am a slipper-maker no longer. I could not get even

bread and tea enough at that trade. So I have taken to making boots instead. At which," anticipating my questions, "I earn from 9s. to 10s. a week, working fourteen hours a day. The rent of this house is 6s. 6d. a week."

I said, "I want to show my friend here the slipper-maker's life," and I asked him as to others whom I had known in that trade. To some names he answered laconically, "Gone under," to others "Grubber" (workhouse), and added, "You will find very few in the trade now. It kills us off by starvation." My companion here broke in. "I have seen quite enough," he said, and as we walked together down the muddy slum, he added, "I have been coming to Leeds for the past twenty years, but I never fancied there were people here living like that."

I had a somewhat similar experience in Bromsgrove, where a gentleman accompanied me round the nail-sheds. He was one of four fellow-travellers down from Birmingham, who, after some remarks of mine on the nail and chain industry, had declared that all Socialists and such-like ought to be pitched out of trains when in respectable company. This particular fellow-traveller, having an hour to spare, declared himself open to conviction that men can work eighteen hours a day for 7s. a week, that they can live for weeks together on dry bread and tea without milk, and that you must forge 240 hob-nails, paying for your firing, before you have earned one penny. In the end I walked him over to Sidemoor and introduced him to a patriarch of ninety who had worked seventy-seven years "at the nailing," and only "giv over" because he could not sustain life on eighteenpence a week less the cost of his fuel, the utmost he could earn, and so went on the parish.

But as it is impracticable thus to convince the many, one must e'en rely on the pen to reach the large public, in despite of disappointment at its credulity or indifference, and in despite of the certain abuse and misrepresentation which fall to the lot of those who would voice the silence of those who are dumb by despair. The work, one's first curiosity sated, is unpleasant, prejudicial to health, and may possibly be dangerous. I was twice assaulted and robbed in the slums of Dublin; in York I narrowly escaped with my life; in College Street, Whitechapel, a cry was

raised that I was Jack the Ripper, and I only avoided lynching by taking to my heels; and as to the consequences to my health, the continual depression caused by months of life under its worst conditions brought about a condition which it has taken more than a year to ameliorate. It is true that into the last year of my life in the depths I had crowded experiences sufficient to tax any reserve of strength and nerve. After a voyage in the steerage to New York, to test in person the treatment of pauper emigrants, on the journey out and after landing in America, confinement and starvation in Ellis Island prison, I undertook a three months' tour in the slums of twelve big cities in England, Ireland, and Scotland, dressed as a Pariah, living as a Pariah amongst Pariahs. This had hardly been completed when, by arrangement with the editor of a London daily, I engaged on a still more unpleasant commission, which, however, I was forced to abandon. Strange stories having got abroad as to how pauper lunatics are treated after arrest by the police, the workhouse, and asylum officials, I was assigned to get myself arrested as an insane vagrant and to go through the mill. I have no doubt that had it been possible to carry this through, instructive experiences would have resulted, and urgent reforms suggested. But whilst it was easy enough to get arrested, it was more difficult to convince the police that the incoherence arose from other insanity than that with which the magistrates have to deal scores of times every working morning. Mr. Marsham at Bow Street told a very dragged Emperor of China to go away, nor make such a fool of himself again; whilst Mr. Kennedy at Greenwich said that the black butterflies of which "John Baker" had complained to a policeman on the previous Saturday evening would vanish of their own accord by a strict adherence to the cold-water régime, and that in the meantime a mullet of five shillings must be imposed. Had I carried on the deception in either dock, I might have been more successful, but I was recognised in Bow Street by a *confrère*, and had to secure his silence. In Greenwich, on the other hand, many long hours in a police-cell—arrested on Saturday, I was brought before the magistrate on Monday morning—had entirely broken down the courage necessary to carry out the experiment. So I paid my five shillings and went.

## In the Depths

Unpleasant as these various experiences have been, they have taught a lesson not too dearly paid for. It is this, that the divine counsel, "LOVE ONE ANOTHER," has a tremendous social significance. If the very poor would follow it the misery of their condition would instantly disappear. Banded together, that large mass—the great majority of the public—the very poor would have irresistible force wherewith to demand justice and to obtain it. But not only do they not love one another, they hate each other, they fight against each other. This first impressed itself upon me when in 1890 I went as an out-cast to the Salvation Army shelter and labour bureau. In the struggle round the labour-captain's desk, where names were being taken down, brutal violence was used amongst our ragged crew. Tatters were made more torn and tattered, bruised faces still further disfigured. And for no purpose. It was merely the outcome of that feeling of hatred and of egotism which blackens the night in the heart of the despairing pauper. On my voyage out to America in the steerage, fighting was an hourly occurrence, and but for the fact that our knives had been taken away from us before we were embarked, the fetid hold would have run with blood. Which suggested to me the following passage in the account I wrote of that voyage: "Whenever I have mixed with the very poor, it has occurred to me how they weaken their position by sacrificing each to his individuality the interests of the collectivity. There is no possibility of joint action against a common evil in these wretched people, in whom even the conception of solidarity is absent. Despised and repelled by all, each adds to the miseries of his fellows by violence, brutality, and the curse of selfishness. Each man is against his neighbour, and the result is that this mass of people, which, bound together in the brotherhood of common suffering, might be powerful enough to force society to some recognition of their rights, at least to the necessities of life, is split up into as many penniless, ragged, dirty and therefore powerless individualities as there are numbers."

It is quite true that the attitude of society, and this is truer even about America than about England, towards the very poor, the treatment of them, the way in which they are spoken to by those in a higher grade who come into contact with

them, are enough to embitter and fill with rancour hearts disposed by nature towards kindness. Dr. Johnson speaks about the contempt which in a commercial country is naturally shown towards poverty. One must have experienced it to understand its extent, its incidence, and the fire of hatred which it sets aglow. The pauper immigrant in the hands of the officials at the Barge Office or of the gaolers at Ellis Island can realise the passive horrors of negro-slavery. In England things are not so bad, but they are bad enough. The very people who live upon the very poor delight in making them feel that degradation on which they fatten. Listen to the publican in the four-ale bar of the gin-palace, and note his tone and his words towards his ragged tributaries. Pay your fourpence to the sleek proprietor of a common lodging-house, and open your ears to what he says, and how he says it, to his miserable guests. One night whilst I was sitting in the filthy kitchen of a Plymouth "doss-house," the son of the keeper, a lad of nine, came in and abused us in lewd and blasphemous language. I said to the keeper, "How can you let such a child use such language?" He answered that it was good enough for such as we, and added that if I didn't like it I could "take my hook." In the casual ward of the Brighton Hotel (a workhouse in the north) a tramp, who was evidently sober, was provoked into raising his hand against the warder. He was sentenced next day to a month's hard labour for a drunken assault, though I feel sure that had it been possible for me to give evidence as to the outrageous treatment to which he had been subjected, even a prejudiced bench would have exonerated him. But I was breaking my 10 cwt. of stone to pay for a plate of skilly, a lump of cinder and dough, and an uneasy night on a canvas-frame.

The same experience may be gained in many of the hospitals. Because you are poor, because you are in receipt of gratuitous assistance, therefore you must be spoken to like a dog. I happened once in a London hospital to arrange with the secretary for a course of medical baths, which my life in casual wards and doss-houses had rendered an urgent necessity. I went by mistake into the room where poor people are received for free treatment. A nurse here, asking me my business, spoke to me in such a tone that the surprise quite



took my breath away, and it was a minute or two before I could stammer out that I was quite ready to pay for any assistance afforded me. "You pay; you look like it," she cried with a laugh, which drew the mocking attention of the whole ward upon me. Then I remembered how I was dressed. In this respect the French are a much humaner people. With such courtesy and kindness are the free patients treated at the consultations at the various hospitals, that many penurious rich people, when in need of medical advice, attend gratuitously. So much so, indeed, that a circular has recently been issued calling attention to the fact that charity is intended for the indigent alone. Another lesson, then, which one carries away from a life in the depths is that merely by treating the poor with the respect due to any fellow-being, one can greatly alleviate the crushing burthen of their lot. Indeed, they merit this respect, for, generally speaking, they are disposed towards any effort to free society of their charge. How keenly they fight for any chance of employment, however hard, however miserably paid. The thousands of people who are working in various parts of the kingdom, as hard as muscle can work or nerve direct, for a wage of less than a penny an hour, can their rags be made a reproach to them? And there are scores of thousands in deeper depths who would thank Providence to be allowed to pass their remaining days in such grinding toil. It is by living amongst them that one learns how little their condition is the consequence of their fault. The secretary of the Methodist charities in Manchester is most eloquent on this subject, and one may hear him any day make a statement which will startle a prejudiced public. "Very good fellows indeed are the tramps, only too willing to work." I heard exactly the same at the Church Labour Home in Liverpool. The Manchester gentleman has been in contact

with the Pariah classes for forty years, and as to the captain of the Church Army at Liverpool, he was appointed to his post after long service as a prison-warder, so that the testimony of both as to the morality and character of the class with which I am dealing is well worth attending to.

One used to fancy that emigration afforded prospects to the very poor of England. My voyage to America taught me that this hope also must be abandoned. America does not want and will not admit immigrants other than strong, healthy young people, who know a trade and who have a certain sum of money. The unemployed here are usually, as a result of their privations, in such a low state of health that at the medical examination in New York they would be pitilessly rejected. Signs of feverishness, natural enough after such a voyage, are a sufficient pretext for exclusion. There was confined with me in the galleys of Ellis Island a young Roumanian with his wife and children who, had been excluded and were to be deported, simply, as he told me, because "We were not strong enough for the States." Again as to the indispensable viaticum of thirty dollars, it is to many an amount altogether unattainable. "Trentascudi! Trentascudi!" cried a Neapolitan fellow-emigrant, "I never had such a sum in my life." South Africa, we know, is closed against the poor, and Australia is in her turn erecting a barrier.

Reforms are on foot and admirable work is being done all over the country by the various religious societies. In the meanwhile these very poor would do much to help themselves if they would remember the counsel to which I have referred. In an age when capitalists in every branch of trade find union necessary in self-defence, how urgent must appear the union of the very poor! There should be a trust of tatters. Who will be the Pierpont Morgan of the very poor?

## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

PHOTOGRAPHIC PRIZE COMPETITION. "GARDEN SCENE."

### Five Prizes, Five Shillings each:

JAS. H. HARRIS, Porthleven, Helston; R. W. COPEMAN, The Union, Wincanton; MISS LUCY DRUMMOND HAY, Seggieden, near Perth; MRS. (or MISS) A. H. SWINDELL, Erdington Vicarage,

near Birmingham; I. MORRIS, Caledonia Villa, Weston-super-mare.

### Commended:

R. E. MORRIS; ELIZABETH A. GREENSALL; G. M. FLINT.



# Mechanical Products of Nature, and Fulgurites

BY RICHARD KERR

IF I had not seen the objects as represented in the illustration in the actual process of manufacture in Nature's workshop, I should have imagined them to have been produced by some kind of marine worm such as the *serpula*. These and many hundreds of similar rings were turned out, as it were, simultaneously while I was looking on, and all without the aid of any creature whatever, all, in fact, the result of Nature's mechanics.

To understand the process, the reader must accompany me in imagination to the banks of the river Shannon, where these were formed, and where the grass is very wiry. At times the river overflows its banks, and the water, carrying a solution of white mud, spreads over the fields, leaving as it subsides a thin layer of this

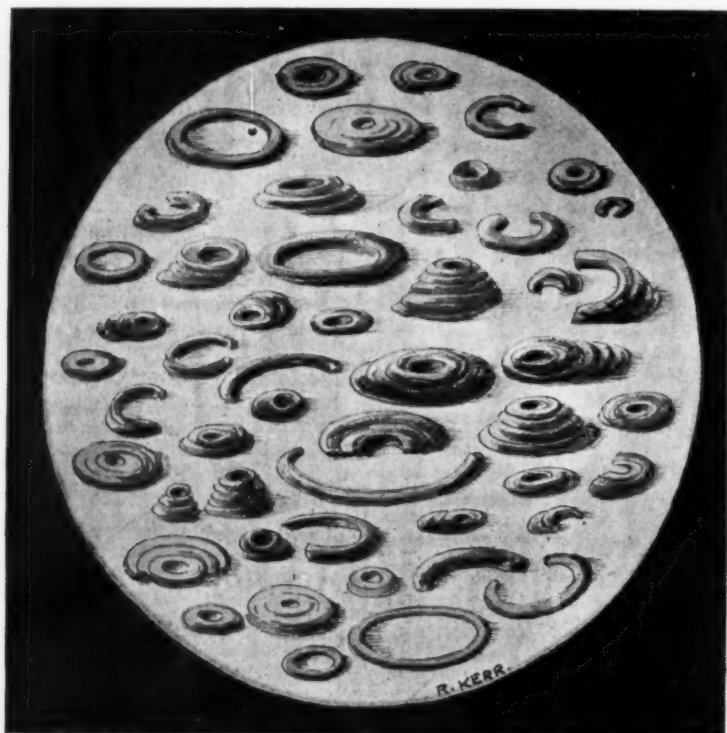
deposit, which resembles fine white sand, but partakes of the nature of clay in that it is adhesive. The wiry grass is covered over for a time, but, owing to its growing powers and the natural strength of the stems, the plants force their way up through the layer.

Now, let us watch one stem, and if we can appreciate its motions, we shall be able to understand how hundreds of rings are formed.

The seed-vessels on the top of the stem on rearing themselves up through the soft clay carry in their meshes some of the soft material, which, as we have said, is of an adhesive nature, so that the plant is top-heavy, and is bent over to the shape of half the circumference of a circle. The wind blows, and as a result the plant

rotates, and as the clay attached to the top of the plant is dried sooner than the layer on the ground below, owing to its more elevated and exposed position, it becomes hard, and scratches the soft clay like the pencil or free end of a pair of compasses. Very soon its movements in a circular direction backwards and forwards, entirely owing to the action of the wind and the elasticity of the plant, cut out a circular piece of the clay like a coin with a hole in the centre.

The centre hole is the result of the movements of the stem.



Drawn by R. Kerr

MECHANICAL PRODUCTS OF NATURE

## Mechanical Products of Nature, and Fulgurites

Several concentric rings may be worked out by the one plant, according to the number of pieces of clay that become attached to the seed-vessels.

In this manner a whole area may become covered with these rings varying in size from half an inch to three or four inches in diameter.

Thinking that specimens of the rings might throw light on other mechanical products of Nature, I have kept a number of them by me for several years, and now for the first time I find a parallel instance in certain specimens under the heading of this article in one of the window-cases of the Mineral Department of the Natural History Museum.

The shapes of those in this glass-case are very wonderful, and look as if worked out on a lathe or certainly done with definite intention.

It is not stated how these in the museum have been formed.

Doubtless many instances will occur to the minds of my readers, of the Mechanical Products of Nature on a large scale, such as the formation of Natural Bridges caused either by running water, the hammering power of ocean waves, or the boring action of sand blown by wind, etc.

The subject opens up useful channels for observation, although at first it may have appeared an insignificant matter to describe the formation of a "mud ring."

### FULGURITES.

Fulgurites are remarkable formations known also as *lightning tubes*. They are the result of the action of lightning on wet sand or on rocks high up on mountain peaks. Several have been found on Mont Blanc at a height of 14,000 feet, and on Monte Viso at a height of 12,680 feet.

Some of the fulgurites found on the

latter mountain are over six inches long and nearly two inches wide. The electric flash entering the sand fuses the passage-walls, and generally leaves a number of glass globules along the surface. These globules frequently have minute holes through which gas has escaped, owing to the heat of the electric current. There is no alteration of the sand or rock except on the actual surface itself.

That fulgurites have not been formed by any artificial means is evident from the situation in which they have been found.

The whole process of the formation of some fulgurites, including the heating, cooling and contraction, must take place with extraordinary rapidity, as they show no traces of crystallites.

For this reason the glass globules of these particular fulgurites are probably the purest natural glass ever formed.

But there are fulgurites, notably some of those from Monte Viso, which contain rod-like bodies like crystallites of garnet.

For a long time the fulgurites were a complete puzzle to mineralogists, and also to geologists. The biologists could throw no light on their history, as there were no traces whatever of animal or vegetable life in their composition, nor could they find any workings on them to indicate any action of an organic character.

The above figure shows one of the fulgurites. At times two or three tubes are found joined together side by side like so many pipes.



FULGURITE

Drawn by R. Kerr



# Historical Flowers

BY MAY CROMMELIN

**F**LOWERS there were in days of old for which men have given their heart's blood. Flowers there are which even to-day help to make history.

It is thus—Flash the searchlight of memory into the pages of the past, and see the Greeks, rose-crowned, reclining on their marble couches, listening to the songs that even now sound musically sweet to those who merely read them. In earlier Egypt, in Persia, Rome, flowers and song were still twined. And later in the Middle Ages what an exquisite contest was that when the troubadours strove in melodious tournament of song at Toulouse for the prize of the Golden Violet.

Simple ballads, mere merry lilt, or sad laments, have ever gone straight to the human heart. And their writers made no vain boast of power in crying, "Let who will make laws for the people; we will make their songs." And just as songs kept Jacobite hearts warm long after hope for the cause had died, so flowers have touched the sentiments and ruled the destinies of millions of mankind. Flowers and song twined together have most often been thus powerful. Sometimes it has been a flower—a leaf—alone.

Take the flowers that have been famous in English annals.

First the bonnie Broom, *Planta genista*, the badge of the proud Plantagenets. When one thinks of how Richard Cœur de Lion bore it on his helm in the Crusades; how at many a tourney and bloody battle on French soil it had its day of power—remembering this, surely it seems strange that among the elder poets Chaucer alone names it, and he in slighting words—

"There lacked no flower to my dome (deeming),  
Ne, not so much as flowre of Brome."

We speak now but of one Rose—that of England. But, O White Rose and Red—what a lovely name you gave to the most hideous struggle, save the Civil War, that ever was waged between friends, neighbours, and kinsfolk within our sea-walled garden. How emblematic were you of death-white faces and blood-red wounds of Englishmen, lying stark on English soil.

1032

None can better Shakespeare's words in telling how the strife began—

"*Plantagenet*. Let him that is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

*Somerset*. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Those who are bystanders range themselves in two parties. The quarrel proceeds till Warwick utters the prophecy—

"This brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction, in the Temple Garden,  
Shall send between the red rose and the white,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

The White Rose of the Stuarts—of Bonnie Prince Charlie—has the most romance mingled with its perfume of all the flowers that have, so to speak, been pressed between the pages of history. Yet, as Hogg sings, two others will ever be Scotland's dearest emblems.

"What are the flowers of Scotland,  
All others that excel?  
The lovely flowers of Scotland,  
All others that excel!  
The Thistle's purple bonnet,  
And bonny heather-bell,  
O, they're the flowers of Scotland,  
All others that excel!"

"Up wi' the flowers o' Scotland,  
The emblems of the free,  
Their guardians for a thousand years,  
Their guardians still we'll be."

The first mention that I know of the Thistle as the Scottish emblem is taken from Dunbar's allegory of the "Thistle and the Rose." The bard wrote this in 1501 in honour of the marriage of James IV. with Princess Margaret of England.

Dunbar sees in a dream "the lusty May

(or Spring-time), that muddir is of flowres," calling her children to choose among them a King and Queen. What a happy thought that, seeing the Thistle surrounded by his spears, she bids him go forth and fend the lave (defend the rest). Then must he give the fresh Rose the chiefest place of all.

"Upon the awful Thrissil scho beheld,  
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris."

"Nor hold none other flower in sic dainty  
As the fresh Rose of colour red and white."

The Lily in France—or rather the fleur-de-ls—which some suppose to have been the iris, was no less an emblem of sovereign power than the Rose of England. Many a poet has sung the fancied rivalry between these two—

"The silent war of lilies and of roses."

The true struggle, the deadly strife, however, was that of which "Poitiers and Cressy" told, when with what gallant derring-do the English fought to mingle the flower-de-luces of France with the rose in their monarch's shield.

"Cropp'd are the flower de luces in your arms,  
Of England's coat one half is cast away."

Is it not like the blast of a bugle to read stout Drayton's stirring ballad of Agincourt?—reminding Englishmen of the day

"when our grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
Lopp'd the French lilies."

But in the end the French flower remained blooming only in the fields beyond the blue Channel: as was right and fitting. How often the white lilies of St. Louis must have gleamed before the eager eyes of many a chivalrous knight, to be guarded and honoured at all hazards. How one can picture the lances in rest, and seem to hear the rush and thundering gallop of the charge! How King Henry's cry rings in our ears above the battle din, calling on the

"gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies!  
Upon them with the lance!"

Turn we to a different lily—one of Orange hue—which the princely family hailing from Orange town in the sunny south of France bore to the level green meads and sober skies of Holland. Several times in the Netherlands, when the House of Orange lost favour with the fickle populace, its cognisance, the reddish-yellow lily, was banished

in disgrace by the Dutch from their gardens. That same Orange Lily, following the fortunes of its Dutch prince, afterwards King William III. of England, saw the rout of King James and the downfall of his creed at the battle of the Boyne. Since then it has become the emblem of Protestantism in Ireland. There is never an Orangeman's cottage-garden in Ulster where the orange lily is not grown, and its tall flower-spikes carefully guarded till the twelfth of July, the anniversary of King William's victory, is past.

The power of the Shamrock has been and is so great over Irish hearts, that no stronger instance can be given of the potency of a flower-emblem for good—or evil. The leaf of holy St. Patrick, which once taught the doctrine of the Trinity, and brought the gospel of peace to yellow-shirted kernes, thence was adopted as the national symbol of a romantic people. Later in our days it has unjustly at times been supposed to be specially the token of Ireland's hatred of English wrongs.

"Then take the shamrock from your hat  
And fling it on the sod,  
And never fear, 'twill flourish there,  
Though under foot 'tis trod."

Truly the song, "The Wearin' o' the Green," has done more than could any law to keep alive the custom of wearing the shamrock. And it was one of the last gracious acts of our late best-beloved Queen to give an order that her Irish regiments were allowed to deck their caps with a bunch of shamrock on the 17th of March, Saint Patrick's Day.

The Egyptian Lotus; also the Indian Lotus, on which the god Buddha is represented sitting, has rather a religious than historical association.

Likewise the various leaf-crowns given in Greece to the winners at the great national games were hardly historical. But the memory of Athens, city of the violet crown, reminds us that so late as the beginning of the last century the Violet was the secret sign by which the friends of the exiled Napoleon recognised each other. *Père la Violette* was the cryptic name given to the banished Emperor. And century-old pictures may still be seen, as the writer has seen one, on an ancient nursery screen, showing the well-known face of the mighty *Petit Caporal* shadowed in the heart of a violet.

Many flowers were thus used in those

## Historical Flowers

terrible times for the Netherlands when Spain held the Dutch down under an iron heel and a bloody sword. The wisest leaders of the oppressed people met in societies, to which were given such harmless-sounding names as, Jesus and the Balsam Flower. But, needless to say, the subjects discussed were Freedom of Conscience and Liberty of the Land; not the best manner of growing the balsam.

In our own day the extraordinary push that the Primrose League has given to the Conservative party in politics is known to us all. Whoever first thought of thus choosing the Primrose as Beaconsfield's favourite flower—and one in bloom, too, on the anniversary of his death—may well have been surprised at the enthusiasm with which the idea was received. It bids fair to rank as a party flower—a political flower—of fame in days yet to come; though not a national one.

No, the day of flower badges, as the

Primrose proves, is not ended. And we may see several more flower emblems play a part in the world's history as shall surprise old Europe—and gladden the Motherland, let us heartily trust, whose sons they are that shall bear them.

The first of these is the Maple Leaf; already adopted as the symbol of the great Dominion that sits with her head in the warm sun, and her feet in the eternal snows. Clearly rings her song—

“In days of yore from Britain's shore  
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag  
On Canada's fair domain.  
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
And joined in love together,  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine  
The Maple Leaf for ever.  
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
The Maple Leaf for ever!  
God save our King, and Heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf for ever!”



Photo by

IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, MADEIRA

H. J. Clark



## A Brittany Sea Sketch

THE bracken upon the uppermost ledges of the cliff is getting very brown, and the gorse is on fire with new flowers—two signs that the winter is drawing near. A few sturdy ragworts still show their gaudy heads among the brambles and bracken, but they have mostly given place to that stunted variety of golden rod which at the end of summer is such a conspicuous ornament of the Brittany coast. The small devil's-bit scabious looks out from the rusty leaves and twigs, and patches of heather are in purple bloom. Farther down the cliff, where the grey rock is almost bare, the samphire hangs from the crevices crowned with umbels of pale yellow flowers. Still nearer the sea are ledges of rock thickly matted with the wire-like leaves of thrift, but the pink blossoms which were one of the beauties of this desolation in early summer are gone. Here and there a solitary sea-campion trembles in the wind like a snowflake. At the foot of the cliff the compact granite breaks up into jagged ridges, deep clefts and far-winding caverns, and sends out its buttresses towards the sea to bury themselves like roots in the sand, then to reappear carpeted with sea-weed, and to plunge again finally out of sight, where at low tide there is a little beach of enticing beauty. The tide is low this morning, the air is clear, and there is scarcely any wind. The calm sea is marvellously coloured. The intense blue is crossed by long lines of the most vivid green. The green shows where the sand has been washed into mimic mountain chains, and the blue where the water lies deep. Across the bay are rocks that look almost white in the brilliant sunshine, and beyond these are brown hills covered with gorse and bracken. Over there are to be found those mysterious menhirs which seem really to have been planted in the soil by gods or demons along this Armorican coast.

A boat with a brown sail rounds a rocky point and makes towards the little beach. The breeze is so light that the water hardly breaks into foam against the bows. The sail is dropped, and the boat glides to within ten yards of the shore. It is manned by eight men, four of whom now jump into the water and wade to land. They hold one end of the rope which is

run out as the boat returns to sea. At about two hundred yards from land a large net is cast. The boat comes ashore again, and the eight men now proceed to haul in the net. They are sturdy fellows, but the net strains heavily upon the ropes, and although as they pull they bury their bare feet in the sand, the work is very slow. At length the net comes into view, and as it is drawn on shore the eye catches the gleam of the panic-stricken fish as they rise to the surface or dash against the meshes. In a few minutes hundreds of grey mullet and rock-whiting are gasping on the sand. The men throw their fish into baskets, take to their boat again and sail away. The sardine boats which left the little port last night and have been out as far as the Atlantic are now coming in with the flow. They are a fleet of three or four hundred, and their brown sails in the warm sunshine are as bright as amber.

As the day closes the scene is wholly changed. The yellow sand of the little beach is now under deep water, the sea breaks against the foot of the cliff, tossing its spray as high as the thrift and the samphire, and roaring in the caverns. The wind has risen with the tide, and the gulls driven inland whirl above the cliffs and float upon the waves. The bleached rocks across the bay glow with a deepening rose-light, and the sky is splashed with broken clouds—dove-coloured, edged with gold or dyed throughout their substance with luminous carmine. The sails of the windmills upon two neighbouring hills appear of prodigious size as they cut the blue-green background of the west. The rose-light leaves the rocks, the purple hills beyond turn black, the softened lines of twilight sink deep into the sea, and the slate tones of night creep over it. All the overhanging foliage of the cliffs is blended into black shadows. Now a bright gleam darts from the lighthouse, and presently the moon's beams, broken into countless pale flashes, are riding on the waves. A sound of voices—of men singing in chorus a melancholy Breton song that is like the wailing of the wind—grows clearer and clearer. The sardine fishermen are leaving the port again and steering towards the ocean.

E. HARRISON BARKER.



*From the picture by*

*Louis De Schryver*

A FACE AT THE WINDOW

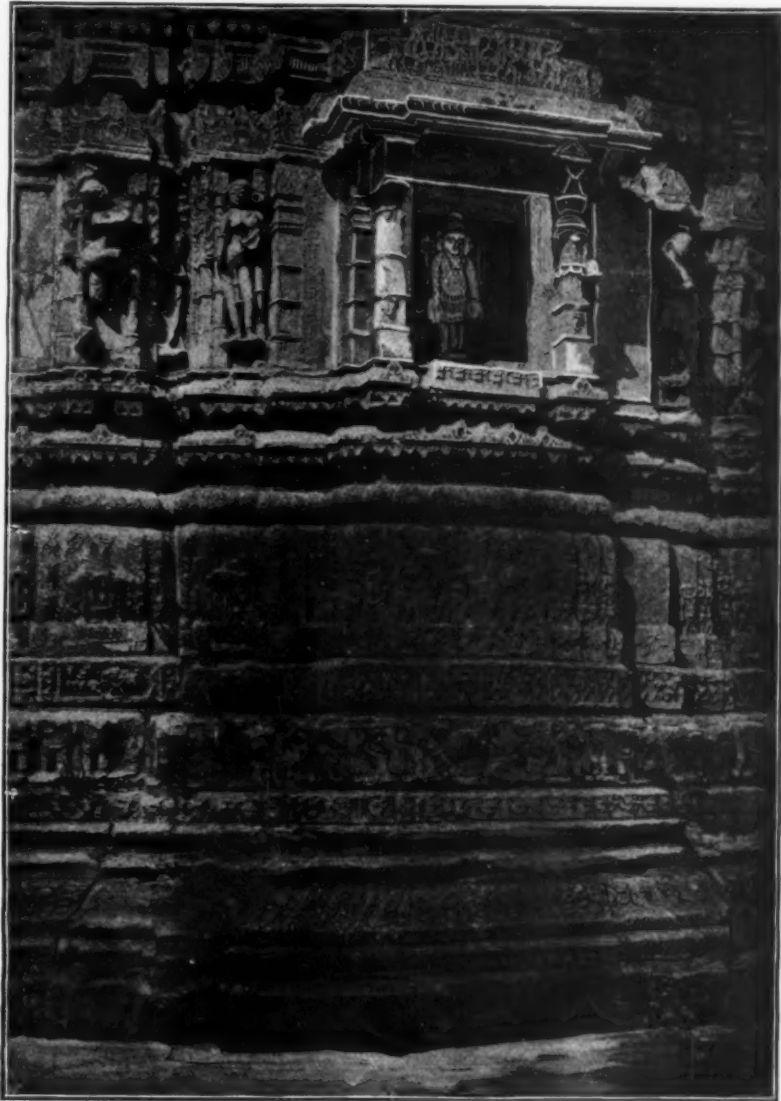
# Over-Sea Notes

## *From Our Own Correspondents*

### A Vanishing Cult

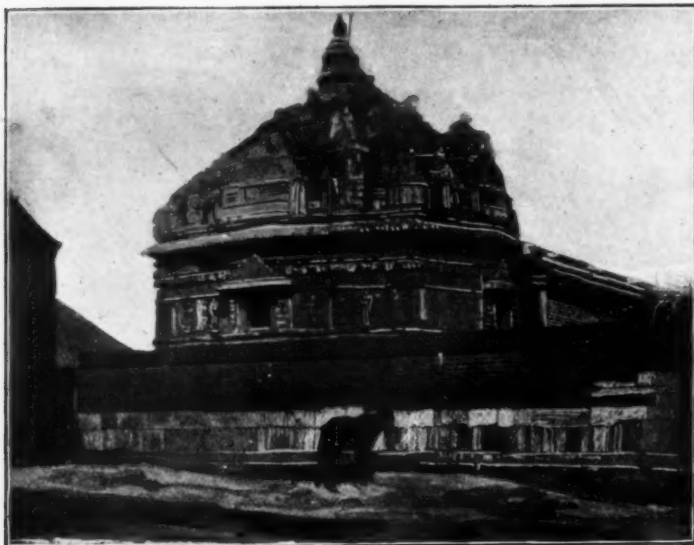
THE population of India was officially stated at the last census to be between 294,000,000 and 295,000,000. This, however, leaves entirely out of account the population of the Indian Olympus, which is generally estimated at 300,000,000 gods and goddesses. Even among deities of this kind, however, changes are taking place such as a millennial census would probably reveal. And already the Head of the whole Pantheon is on his death-bed, so to speak. Brahma, the first person of the Hindu Triad, the Creator of the world and Lord of all, is now worshipped in only three or four places in the whole of India. One of these is Khed Brahmā, in Idar State. It is a small market town, and was till recently the site of an annual fair, which, however, plague

has interfered with of late. In the centre stands the ancient temple of Brahma, part of it of great antiquity. But no one takes much interest in it unless some antiquarian from afar, and even the worship of the people flows mostly



TEMPLE OF KHED BRAHMĀ

Ancient portion of the temple, exterior of the shrine. A figure of Brahma himself may be seen in the niche. The other figures are merely ornamental. Brahma has four faces (the rear one, of course, not being represented in a bas-relief). He had originally, however, five heads!



EXTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF BRAHMA

The niche to the right is the one photographed on a larger scale in the print on previous page. There are three of these niches, and each contains an identical figure of Brahma.

These photographs, taken by our correspondent, are, so far as is known, the only pictures ever taken of this remarkable shrine.

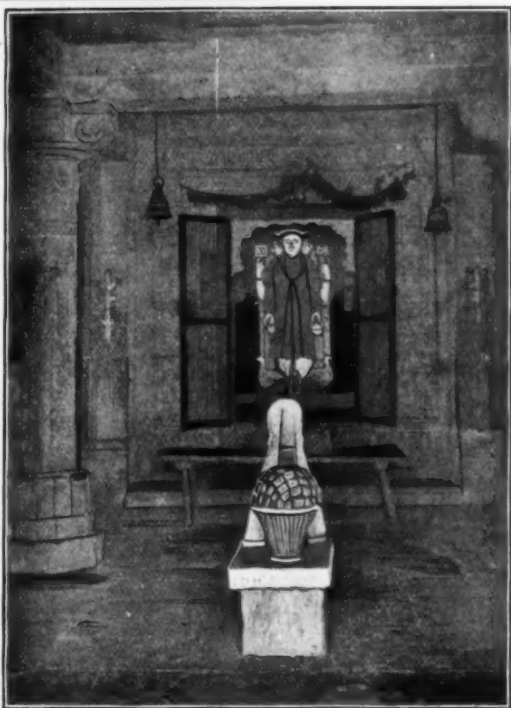
in other channels, and the religious importance of Khed Brahmā (for the Brahmans will see to it that it keeps a religious importance of some kind or other) is already beginning to centre round a much more modern temple and a deity that is probably not Hindu at all.

We have all of us seen the tokens and insignia of vanished idolatries, and all over the East one may see only too visibly the idolatries of to-day. But it is a rare thing to see a famous and once widespread cult actually in the process of disappearing, and that is what may be seen (though rarely) in India. To those who realise the splendour and beauty of Indian human nature, if only it were not crushed and distorted by the weight of its false religious systems, the temple of Brahma is a cheering symbol and earnest of what must soon become visible all over the land—idols cast to the moles and to the bats, and the vast fabric of false substitutes for God tottering to decay, and finally passing into oblivion.

J. S. S.

## Dining Facilities on American Railways

THE tourist who travels across the American continent in a fast through train on one of the several railway lines connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, will find that the provision made for his three daily meals is a matter of clockwork regularity and uniformity. A dining-car will accompany his train, and he will merely have to walk from his own Pullman car into the "diner"



INTERIOR OF THE SHRINE

Brahma is dressed as an ordinary Hindu gentleman. Three faces are clearly visible. The figure in the foreground is the conventional goose, Brahma's special vehicle, each Hindu god having an animal to ride upon. More realistic geese are visible at Brahma's feet. The symbols chalked on the walls are those of Shiva, showing the neglect into which Brahma has fallen.

to obtain *table d'hôte* or *à la carte* meals as the particular railway he is patronising may furnish. But let the tourist go across the country by less-frequented lines and on slower trains, and he will find that provisions for his meals become not only less regular, but also more varied in character. He will find some of these variations annoying, others ludicrous, but all interesting. First of all, in addition to the regular dining-cars are the "buffet cars," only a part of whose spaces are devoted to dining facilities, the rest being occupied by accommodations for passengers. Then there are the so-called "tourists' cars," which are primarily sleeping-cars, but which contain small stoves upon which women passengers may themselves do cooking. These have been found especially acceptable to families of the middle classes, who before starting a journey pack cooked lunches which they take with them and warm upon the stoves provided in the "tourists' cars." No charge is made for the use of the stoves; on the contrary, it is a part of the duty of the Pullman porter to attend to the stove and to provide small dining-tables, which may be set up between two seats when meal-time arrives. Another method of providing meals is used on a certain Wisconsin railway, and is ingenious to say the least. When a train upon that line reaches a town about meal-time, wicker baskets, each of which contain a hot meal, are thrown on the train and sold to the passengers at twenty-five cents (one shilling) each. For this price the passenger finds in his basket a plate of hot roast beef, two or three vegetables, a small bottle of hot coffee and a generous slice of pie. Of course knives, forks, and spoons accompany the victuals, and the tourist may take his time to eat, for the baskets are not returned to the station at which they were put on the train, but to a stopping-place thirty or forty miles away. Here the empty baskets are doubtless refilled, and trains going in the opposite direction are supplied with them, so that a continual and balancing interchange of baskets and dishes results. But on many railways the tourist cannot obtain meals on the train. The old methods of the stage-coach have left their traces in an elaborate system of railway restaurants and lunch counters. On some roads this system has been perfected to a degree that rivals the best dining-cars, while on others it is so bad that one must despair of obtaining a wholesome morsel of food until another railway is reached or the journey ended. When well conducted, this system has the advantage of allowing the

passenger to break his journey three times a day, and to eat his meals on *terra firma* instead of in a rocking car that may spill his soup or upset his coffee. On the other hand, at its best the system can allow the passenger but a short time—about twenty minutes—for each meal, and however prompt the service may be, a feeling of haste is unavoidably created in the passenger. At lunch counters time is sometimes saved, but a substantial meal can rarely be obtained. As regards cost, the station restaurant is generally less expensive than the dining-car, since the cost of maintaining a restaurant on wheels is greater than in the case of a stationary eating-house. A good meal may be obtained at most station restaurants for about seventy-five cents (three shillings), while few dining-car meals can be had for less than one dollar (four shillings).—A. B. R.

### A Negro University

THE oldest educational institution for negroes in the United States is located, not as might be supposed in one of the southern states, but in Pennsylvania, a state lying north of Mason and Dixon's line, which for so many years marked the boundary between slave and free states. Founded in 1856 as a negro institute by a clergyman of Oxford, Pa., the institution has flourished for nearly fifty years, although its name was changed several years ago to "Lincoln University." It is situated about fifty miles south of Philadelphia, at a railway station which takes its name from the university. At present about 200 students are enrolled in the institution, 150 being in the college department and about 50 in the theological school. The course for the college requires four years, while the theological training may be completed in three years. Commencements are held annually for the two departments, the theological commencement occurring in April, so that the graduates may have ample time to secure charges for the coming season among the churches. From an educational standpoint Lincoln University has been most successful. At the last commencement of the theological department which your correspondent attended, sixteen negro students graduated, five of whom delivered addresses, which for vigour of thought and earnestness of presentation fairly rivalled the productions of the graduates of our seminaries for white students. Indeed, one of the trustees of Princeton University admitted that he had not heard better addresses at Princeton Seminary than he heard at Lincoln. The greatest difficulty with which



## Over-Sea Notes

Lincoln University has to contend is the poverty of the coloured race. Slavery left the negroes desperately poor, and few of them have sufficiently recovered to be able to pay for the tuition required for a college course. Exclusive of clothes it costs \$130 (£26) per annum to support a student at Lincoln University. Aid is given the men in every way possible, such as securing for them positions as waiters, porters, and messengers in hotels during the summer vacations, etc. Certain scholarships also are open to competition, and various prizes are offered for high scholarship. The negroes enjoy their college life quite as much as their white brethren, and have such organisations as a college orchestra, glee club, banjo club, debating

society, baseball and football teams, etc. The alumni of the university have with very few exceptions made creditable records for their alma mater in various industrial and professional pursuits. They have materially aided in transforming an ignorant, superstitious, and hypocritical negro ministry in the south into trained, intelligent and sincere workers. They have added to the material prosperity of their people by their success at the work-bench and on the land. They have proved their intellectual powers by their management of commercial houses, factories, and banks. Most of all, by the elevating influence on their fellow-men they have clearly pointed the way to the solution of the great race problem of America.—A. B. R.

## Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

### Snake Ceremonies of American Indians

IN Arizona, about sixty-five miles from the main line of the Santa Fé railroad, there are seven Hopi villages occupied by Indian tribes which perform each year a series of ceremonial rites of deep interest to students of primitive

religion. A detailed account of the ceremonies at one of these villages—Mishongnovi—is given by Mr. G. A. Dorsey and Mr. H. R. Voth in a memoir lately published by the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago. The performances take place in July or August, and the object is the preparation of a medicine or magic which will overcome the magic of the rain-clouds and cause them to give up their stores of water; for the summer sun is rapidly drying up the Indian corn, which, without rain at this period of the year, would be a failure. The Hopi Indians live almost

entirely upon vegetable foods, of which Indian corn or maize forms the greater part; and they believe that if the prayers and efforts of their priests are unable to overcome the magic of the rain-clouds, famine will be the result.

Of the summer ceremonies having this object, those held by the Antelope and Snake Societies, which co-operate, are the most spectacular, and it is these that have been described and photographed by Messrs. Dorsey and Voth. At the beginning of the rites prayer-sticks are deposited on a shrine by the priests of the two fraternities, and a crier announces from the house-top the day of the commencement of the performance. The priests then meet in two kivas or underground chambers, and five days afterwards prepare a sand-picture on the floor and erect their altars.

On the ninth day from the beginning of the ceremonies, from sixty to eighty snakes, which have been collected from the surrounding country, many of them being rattlesnakes, are placed in a large bag. The Snake priests afterwards arrange themselves in a line, and every third man is given a snake, which he grasps with his lips about four inches from the reptile's head. This is repeated until all the snakes have been carried away and placed in a heap, and then the priests run by the wriggling mass, plunge their hands into it, and grasp as many snakes as possible, to carry to the four cardinal points until all have been removed. Each snake is released with a prayer-stick bearing prayers which it is supposed to transmit to the great plumed serpent who has influence with the rain gods of the four world-quarters.

Mr. Dorsey could not find that any performer had ever died as the result of a snake-bite



CHIEF PRIEST OF THE  
ANTELOPE FRATERNITY  
1040

during these ceremonies, and he did not see a priest bitten by a snake. Nothing is done to make the snakes harmless, and the Indians do not take any antidote for the poison of the rattlesnake. They are, however, cautious never to attempt to handle the snake when in a coiled position, and carry snake-whips, which they use when picking up the reptiles on the plain or herding them.

The accompany-



SNAKE PRIESTS ASLEEP ON THE ROOF OF  
THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

Flashlight picture in open air at 5 A.M.

and their rites and legends belong to a vanishing cult, a valuable service has been done to science by recording them as they exist at the present time.

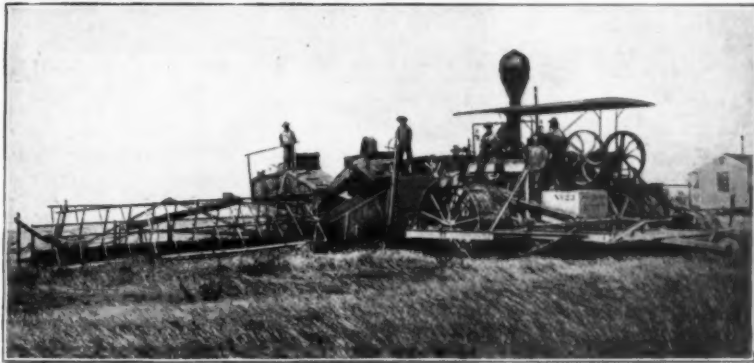


SNAKE DANCERS  
PASSING A  
SHRINE

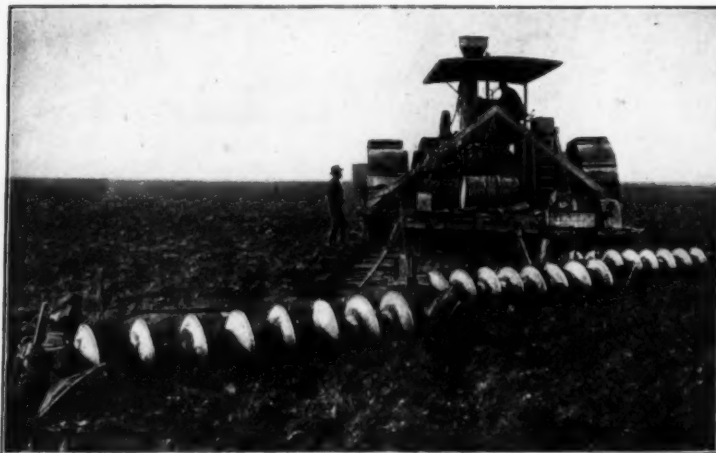
ing pictures, reproduced from Messrs. Dorsey and Voth's memoir, show some interesting characters and stages of these curious ceremonies. As the Pueblo Indians are likely to disappear before the march of civilisation,

## Elaborate Farm Machinery

AGRICULTURAL operations are carried on in North America on such an extensive scale that it is possible to use machinery of a more elaborate character than is usually employed on this side of the Atlantic. In an article in the *National Geographic Magazine*, Dr. H. W. Wiley, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture,



AN AMERICAN STEAM HARVESTING MACHINE, WHICH LEAVES BAGS OF GRAIN  
BEHIND AS IT ADVANCES



A STEAM PLOUGH IN CALIFORNIA

gives an account of the agricultural position of the United States, and from his paper the two accompanying illustrations of machinery used have been reproduced. The area of the country is nearly twenty thousand million acres, of which more than eight hundred million acres are occupied by farms. There are nearly six million separate farms, so that the average size of the farms is about 140 acres. Of course, it is only on large farms that such machines as those here represented can be economically used. The steam harvester-thresher shown in the first picture sweeps through miles of ripened grain, cutting swaths from sixteen to forty-two feet in width, harvesting, cleaning, thrashing, and leaving behind a long trail of grain in sacks, ready to be taken to the granary, railway or mill. A machine of this kind can harvest from 60 to 125 acres a day, and only requires eight men to operate it. This application of engineering science to agriculture has enabled American farmers to keep under cultivation far larger areas than could be undertaken with more primitive methods, but the production per acre is not high, and the British farmer as a rule gets better value out of his land.

## Treatment of Consumption by Radium Rays

MR. F. SODDY, who has made some valuable investigations in connexion with the rays from radium and thorium, has described in the *British Medical Journal* a method of applying them to the treatment of consumption. It has been established that the rays from radium are destructive to germs of several diseases, and there

is good reason for believing that this action could be used with advantage in connexion with consumption. Both radium and thorium continuously and spontaneously give off certain superfine emanations or gases, the exact nature of which has not yet been determined. These emanations are endowed with very considerable powers of giving out rays on their own account of exactly similar kind to the rays from radium and

thorium themselves. What Mr. Soddy suggests is that the emanations should be mixed with air and breathed by consumptive patients. When the mixture thus breathed reaches the lungs, the emanations leave a film of radio-active matter on the air-cells in them, and the radio-activity thus induced will remain after the mixture has been exhaled. In the case of radium emanations, the excited activity continues for three or four hours, and with thorium emanations after two days. To obtain the mixture, the emanations of one of these elements should be collected by passing a current of air over a solution of the substance and leading it into a gasholder away from the radium or thorium solution used. After a time the mixture thus produced has exactly the same radio-active properties as the original solution, which develops a fresh supply of the emanations, and can therefore be used over and over again. The method of treatment is full of promise, and its value will doubtless be well tested. Summing up the points in favour of it, Mr. Soddy says:—"The absolute immunity of these processes from external interference, the simple nature of the treatment proposed, the infinitesimal quantity of the active agents employed, the manner in which the emanations may be inhaled to do their work at the very seat of the disease, leaving behind the excited radio-activity to continue the work in a gentle manner after they have been exhaled, make out a strong case why the attention of medical men should be directed to the new weapons physics and chemistry have placed at their disposal. Indeed, if Nature had designed these phenomena for the purpose proposed, it is difficult to see in what way they could have been improved upon."



# Varieties

## "In petto"

DR. J. A. H. MURRAY of Oxford, of English Dictionary fame, writes to us about a phrase in the August number, page 839, col. 1, "The Chinese garden is a whole landscape *in petto*" (article on Kyoto).

"*In petto* is Italian for *in one's breast*: it does not mean 'in miniature,' or 'in small,' as apparently by some confusion with French *petit*, it is here misused.

"The Pope has a cardinal's name *in petto* when he has decided upon it and not yet divulged it; and I suppose people, for whom the English tongue is not good enough, may say that they have a proposal *in petto*, when it fills their bosom, but has not yet been uttered. But that a garden can be a landscape *in petto*, has no more sense than to say that it is a landscape *in limbo* or *in knickerbockers*."

## Astronomical Notes for October

THE Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, on the 1st day of this month at 6h. 0m. in the morning, and sets at 5h. 39m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 6h. 17m., and sets at 5h. 16m.; and on the 21st he rises at 6h. 33m., and sets at 4h. 55m. The Moon is Full at 3h. 24m. (Greenwich time) on the afternoon of the 6th; at her Last Quarter at 7h. 56m. on the evening of the 13th; New at 3h. 30m. on the afternoon of the 20th; and at her First Quarter at 8h. 33m. on the morning of the 28th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about a quarter before 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 28th. A partial eclipse of the Moon will occur on the evening of the 6th, which will be best seen farther to the east. The greatest phase (when 0.87 of the Moon's diameter will be obscured) will take place at 3h. 18m. Greenwich time, the Moon

being nearly vertical over the southern part of India; in England only the final penumbral part of the eclipse will be visible, the Moon not rising at Greenwich until 5h. 32m., which is 37 minutes after the last contact with the shadow. The only other phenomenon of importance this month is an occultation of Aldebaran, the bright star in Taurus, by the Moon, on the evening of the 10th; the Moon being then four days past the Full, the disappearance at the bright limb will take place at 8h. 18m., and the reappearance at the dark limb at 9h. 11m. by Greenwich time. The planet Mercury will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 3rd, and at greatest western elongation from him on the 19th, so that he will be visible in the morning from about the 10th to the end of the month, traversing the constellation Virgo in an easterly direction, and passing a few degrees to the north of its brightest star, Spica, on the 29th. Venus attains her greatest brilliancy as a morning star towards the end of this month; she will be at her stationary point in the heavens on the 6th, and afterwards move slowly towards the east in the eastern part of the constellation Leo. Mars sets earlier each evening, about 7 o'clock at the end of the month; on the 3rd he will be about 3 degrees due north of the bright red star Antares in the constellation Scorpio, and on the 20th will pass very near Theta Ophiuchi (a star of nearly the third magnitude), soon after which he will enter Sagittarius. Jupiter will be on the meridian, or due south, at 10 o'clock in the evening on the 8th, and at 9 o'clock on the 23rd; he is situated near the boundary of the constellations Aquarius and Pisces, and will be in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 4th. Saturn is at his stationary point on the 8th; he is situated to the south-east of the star Beta Capricorni (which is of the third magnitude), setting about midnight at the beginning of the month, and afterwards earlier.—W. T. LYNN.

## OUR NEW VOLUME

The new volume of *The Leisure Hour*, which will commence with the November number, will contain several new features of great interest.

A new serial will be commenced, entitled

### "IN ALL TIME OF OUR WEALTH,"

the story of a Millionaire and his money, by C. E. C. Weigall. This is a story of exciting incident, and yet has something more than the merely sensational. It will be illustrated by Harold Copping.

Mr. F. A. McKenzie, the well-known journalist, will contribute articles on

### THE PROBLEM OF OUR CITIES.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon will contribute to the November number an article of great importance, with illustrations, on

### PURE SKIES FOR LONDON.

A series of articles by Mr. H. B. Philpott, splendidly illustrated, will tell of the work of the London School Board in dealing with special classes of children, such as the blind and the deaf.



# Women's Interests

## National Health.

THE majority of people now in middle life will remember the fatalistic spirit with which illness was regarded at the period of their childhood. Perhaps illness is not the correct expression so much as constitutional frailty. Had a child rickets or a weak spine, or a tendency to hip-joint disease, or defective vision, even affectionate parents regarded that as the condition to which it had been born, one for which it might be even wicked to seek a remedy. And the little sufferer itself sometimes had a kind of melancholy pride in being not quite like other children; so long as pain was not acute there was a certain dignity in being set apart from the rank and file.

But in a generation a small amount of light has reached the average mind; there may be cases in which ill-health is regarded as just the luck of one member of the household from which the others are exempt, as but a deeper impress on the face of woe; but a thin film of scientific knowledge is over the minds of the community to-day, and the majority know that chronic disease is preventable under good sanitary conditions, and may be curable. Few people now even of the poorest and most untaught class assent without some effort to a child's deformity; even against pre-natal affliction, as club feet, they make some protest. There are the hospitals, and they know that the doctors will tell them the best that can be done.

Last month it was suggested here that much good might be effected in a practical way if district visitors or other local influences working for the bettering of the poor, would teach the wives of working men, or women who earn their own living by manual labour, how to spend their money to the best advantage, how to get at once what is most wholesome and appetising in the way of food, what is most durable and attractive in the way of clothing, and what will prove most comfortable, lasting and pleasant to the eye in the way of household furniture or utensils for what they have to invest.

In London last winter 22,000 children had to be given free meals to render them fit for their work at the board schools, and of these twenty per cent. seemed permanently injured in their sight, hearing, or other senses through malnutrition. That the home feeding of these children was deficient as much through lack of value received for money expended as through absolute want of money is beyond question.

Popular instruction to become acceptable must be made attractive. At Walworth, Reverend Canon Horsley recently inaugurated an intelligible method of conveying to working-class mothers the results of wholesome fare for young children. He promoted a baby show, where the prizes were awarded not necessarily to the prettiest or plumpiest babies, but to those which seemed best nourished and were most healthily clean. Eighty-five competitors appeared, and the judges were medical men of wide experience. The mothers whose babies did not take prizes were able to learn, and on this occasion would certainly remember, the treatment likely to result in a prize baby. In poor districts of towns and cities girls marry without the most elementary idea of any domestic duty, do not know how to make a bed or cook anything, or select value for their money, or wash an infant, or make or mend; but this does not prevent frail little lives being committed to their care. In this especial poor parish of Walworth, the vicar has no one to help him to spread sanitary knowledge, no ladies in his congregation, no middle-class population, no volunteers of his own status to enlist under his banner; all that is done he does himself, with some assistance from the Public Health Department. Other vicars and ministers will please observe.

In July last the Hospital of St. Francis was opened in the Hampstead district of London. It is for babies only, and its object is to restore the constitution of babies ruined by improper feeding. On the opening day twenty-six inmates were entered; some of these, not a week old, had already been fed like their parents, on new bread, cabbage and tea, or a bit of blunter, or a little plum cake for a relish. Some of these children will die, some will rally under proper care, and some may retain a dyspeptic condition through maturity. What city or town housekeeper, from the roll of her servants cannot recall several who were always more or less ailing, with whom scarcely any food thoroughly agreed, who always had more or less tendency to dyspepsia or ulceration of the stomach or some other form of gastric trouble, the seed of which had been sown before they left their cradle? In Samuel Butler's allegory *Brushon* he tells that in the country of that name

illness was regarded as crime, and punished accordingly. In this prosperous and not unlearned land of England some forms of ignorance have consequences as cruel as if they were intentional sin. No kind of aid that we can render the helpless is as valuable as that that may be drawn from the practical experience of the observant. To know, to do, to teach, these seem the three steps in all progress.

Sanitary reform has effected a good deal, at least locally, in the matter of public health; but a recent report of the Director-General of the Army Medical Service is not reassuring. Of the men who offered themselves for enlistment during the past nine years, a fraction over one in three was physically unfit for military duty. We all desire that war shall become impossible, but not through the degeneracy of our race. The Director-General added that about twenty-five per cent. of the populace of towns are not only poor, but living in such poverty as renders them unable to rear their children under conditions favourable to health and physical fitness. An essential condition of health is that food shall be sufficient and sufficiently nutritious. It is worth considering, even by women, if the contemplated fiscal policy may not so materially increase the purchasing power of the labouring class, that any possible increase in the price of food itself will pass out of sight in the higher level of prosperity. If twenty-five per cent. of the populace of the richest country in the world exists, works, dies in a half-starved condition; if one in every four persons who reach sixty-five years of age in this land is a pauper supported by the rates, then free trade somehow has not produced El Dorado.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### LITERARY.

*Imogen.*—I am glad your articles on heraldry have been accepted for publication. After their appearance serially perhaps you can re-issue them as a book. I know of several subjects on which readable books at a popular price would find purchasers. Heraldry, China, Old Silver, Cabinet Work (as represented by Heppelwhite, Sheraton, Chippendale, and others), subjects that link pure art and domestic art together. And books like these a woman of aesthetic tastes would have much joy in writing. With regard to the literary life, I question if it is advisable to try to live it wholly. My individual notion is that writing and all kinds of higher teaching, soul education, if one may so speak, cannot co-exist in perfection side by side with the necessity of nourishing the body through them. To become only a writer, only an artist of any kind, is, after all, a less thing than to become an absolutely well-balanced, just, wise, human being. In the eyes of absolute impartiality probably the doer of one thing only, however good in itself, may not seem much more splendid than the doer of another thing, and the man or woman who can only write or sing or act or make pictures, may not greatly surpass him or her who can hang from a trapeze by the heels, or revolve for five minutes on one toe. I will tell you privately and in confidence, that association with quite a number of writing people is not as uplifting as you might think. Perhaps you would do well to read some biographies and autobiographies of literary people—Mrs. Oliphant's *Autobiography*, the *Life of Robert Buchanan* by Miss Harriet Jay, the *Life of Ernest Dowson*, if it has appeared in book-form, the *Life of R. L. Stevenson*, the *Journal of Arthur Stirling* (Heinemann), the *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, which are in great measure autobiographical, and Smiles's *Life of the French poet J. M. G. Leconte de Lisle*. All of these are not sad, but in the main they do not make gay reading. It would seem as if circumstances set themselves hard against originality, although it is only originality that clears the track and digs the tunnel. It would seem as if one might do critical or biographical work at one's ease, sitting to consider what has been already done, but as it happens, biographers now and then receive the most frightful of all wiggings. Mrs. Gaskell was so lacerated over her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* that she forbade her children ever to issue a biographical line regarding herself. Yet it is the Biography, and not *Jane Eyre*, that has immortalised the subject of her Memoir. Perhaps the sum of the whole matter is that one should write at all costs what burns within oneself to be said, and take the consequences, but if one wants to be happy, one will avoid incandescent topics, and dwell peaceably among dear dead or sleeping arts.

## Women's Interests

If somebody or some faculty would pension a person of literary mind, so that he or she might thenceforward write serenely of mediæval glass, of nineteenth-century misals, of ecclesiastical architecture, it would mean the ideal literary life. But perhaps the young would decline the option, and the old probably attain to peace through more painful paths. However it is effected, we all get home ultimately.

M.—My dear lady, you overwhelm me. To think of being thanked almost with tears, through three pages of letter-paper, for telling a would-be poetess that her verses are bad! Let me inform you now that you possess one element of greatness—the humble mind. It is a less thing to take it patiently when buffeted for a fault than for a virtue, but I really believe it is rarer and more difficult. You have been equal to it, and I congratulate you. As to gratitude for service rendered, it is years and years since I was unhappy enough to expect that. In the abstract, and without thought of the very small modicum of trouble taken for you, it is just to feel that we have a claim on our kind, by reason of our efforts on their behalf, but it is wisdom resulting from experience, our own or that of other people, to know that the claim is more likely to be met with a blow than with due requital. The average experience is probably that our bitterest foes are those deeply indebted to us, our most devoted friends, those for whom we have done little or nothing. Doubtless there is a key to the enigma, if it could be found; all universal rules have a meaning, but this one is difficult to discover. Superstition maintains still in some districts, that if you save a person from drowning, either by accident, design, or the force of circumstances, he will take your life subsequently. Unless disappointment embitters I do not think it harms us, the permanent persevering part of us. We can be

"Beaten to fight better,  
Fall to rise again."

Essie.—Alexander Gardner, of Paisley and Paternoster Row, London, issues a series of threepenny "Handbooks for Working Men's Wives." Write for list.

### PERSONAL

In the Storm.—I was answered your letter by post had it been necessary, but as there is little in your communication that would not apply to hundreds of girls, a printed answer may help them as well as you, and will not betray you. It is not unusual for grown-up girls to be unhappy in the home that pleased them sufficiently in childhood, and the fault is due rather to circumstances than to anything peculiar in themselves or those about them. It is a terrible thing to have nothing of importance devolving on us, when we are at our very best; with skill in our hands and intelligence in our heads, to have to just sit down and count the dreary hours as they pass. The natural and every-day idea is that marriage would solve the difficulty, provide a career and interests, hence a frequent rush towards the folly that cannot be repented of, the wrong that cannot be righted, the acceptance of marriage—sometimes loveless—as a consummation when it is really but the initial step towards effort, obligation, and, it may be, sacrifice. Recognised uselessness in the scheme of creation is the bitterest of all burdens; but work itself is not a panacea, unless the worker recognises that utility in it which renders it pleasant. To have an object in work is to have an object in life. It would almost seem at present as if the race were drifting straight on to the Scylla of starvation from underpaid work, or the Charybdis of luxury, that amount of luxury which entails idleness on the children of parents who have laboured that these might rest and enjoy! But do not imagine that it is your single state which makes the hours heavy-footed; in the present month I have heard wealthy happily-married women complain just as you do of the intolerable burden-someness of time, and the fug of pleasures that have ceased to please. I know of one case where a lady left her mansion and five servants with it for the London season, and went with one servant and her three daughters into a six-roomed house in a side street as an experiment in quest of happiness. I have not heard how the experiment answered, but I make no doubt helpfully. I can quite understand your feeling that district-visiting does not attract you, since you do not find the poor particularly interesting. We cannot confer what we do not possess, and poverty of itself is not a merit, it is a misfortune which only sympathy can desire to lessen, and which only uncomplaining patience can beautify. I never have advocated giving as a panacea for pain, on the contrary, I always recommend getting—get definite ideas of what you want, get a foothold towards them, get a place, get influence, get wisdom, and get God's blessing on it all. Humility does not sit grumbling in the gutter, true humility works its way meekly towards the

stars. Christ Himself said the Son of Man must needs be lifted up before He could draw all men to Himself. It was a Cross that raised Him permanently before the eyes of the multitude, and probably that is the kind of eminence that always awaits the truly great. Shape your life to some end, that is the best advice I can give you. If uncongenial things hamper you, move away from them, the world is wide enough. Parental control when wise will look towards the day when it shall be no longer needed; to prepare the young for the time of individual responsibility is the effort of all inferior life, and man is not wise, when he desires or expects to protract his authority unduly over those to whom his protection was once indispensable.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Kate S.—I believe women are now eligible for all kinds of educational qualifications. The Royal Astronomical Society has recently conferred Fellowships on two ladies: Mrs. Huggins, noted, in conjunction with her husband, for spectroscopic research, and Miss Agnes Clarke, who has contributed *Problems in Astrophysics* and other works to astronomical literature. When learned bodies requite women's achievements in this way, they honour themselves as well as the recipients of their distinctions.

Alone.—If you "do not object to any honest employment that will afford a livelihood," what would you think of the position of wardress in a prison? This is an opening for which competition is not very keen, the pay is adequate, the chances of promotion very fair, a pension is available after a certain term of service, and the possibility of doing good is very great. Of course an appointment could only be made when there is a vacancy. Application should be sent to the Governor of the jail. A prison matron once wrote me that she wondered more women did not apply for a position of this kind, which she had found very satisfactory.

Sib.—St. Thomas's Hospital, Guy's, The Royal Free Hospital, Middlesex Hospital, Charing Cross Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, are among those that train probationers free of charge. When the staff of probationers is complete, applicants must wait for a vacancy, or may enter as paying probationers for a sum of £1 1s. per week. These do not enjoy an advantage over the regulars, indeed rather the reverse, as the latter are supposed to be more serious in their quest of skill. The name of the hospital is, with "London," sufficient address. Letters should be addressed to the matron.

Idolic.—The five lines you quote are from the pen of the late lamented William Ernest Henley. Of its kind I know nothing finer in the English language.

Maria.—Please do not ask for estimates of woman's capacity, it is boundless—sometimes. Mr. Thomas A. Edison, probably the greatest mechanical genius in the world, keeps over two hundred women among his employees, and is credited with saying that some of them have more sense about machinery in a minute than most men have in a lifetime. But possibly there is a little courteous exaggeration in this cordial testimony. If a woman wants with all her might to do anything, I think she is likely to accomplish it.

Women Must Work.—The best known Maternity Hospital in London is the Queen Charlotte, but I feel sure that just now an intending probationer would require to wait a considerable time for an opening. Probably the same is true of all hospitals. All Maternity Hospitals make a charge for training. The fee varies. At the Maternity Hospital, 57, North Portland Street, Glasgow, the charge is £10; at the Brownlow Hill Infirmary, Liverpool, £15. After obtaining her qualification, a nurse's success depends on herself and on her gifts, natural and acquired. She must endeavour to establish a professional connexion with medical men, who can, if so disposed, often find engagements for her. I think most patients and all medical men prefer nurses taken from the working class. I know one doctor of large experience to whom the "lady" nurse is anathema marnatha. "Just as if one had not enough to do to attend to the patient, without having to think of a nurse and what she considers due to herself," he is wont to exclaim when the subject is broached. Unquestionably if women of good social position take up the work of the humbler class, they should identify themselves wholly with it, and claim only such dignity as pertains to it. To do anything else is absurd. A sick nurse is the attendant of the patient, and being born above her present business, is one of the distinctions she should be careful not to flaunt in the eyes of the community. After all it is a doubtful sort of distinction.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.

# The Fireside Club

## PRIZE ACROSTIC

The finals and initials show  
A time of rest we all would know;  
Each light consists of letters five;  
To solve this problem then contrive.

The *First* Australian settlers yield;  
The *Second*, marksman's prize, a shield;  
The *Third* all drawing artists use;  
The *Fourth* for dress the Easterns choose;  
The *Fifth* a maiden lady shows;  
The *Sixth* each good musician knows;  
The *Seventh* and last will bring to light  
An ancient church into your sight.

R A N C H  
E L C H O  
M O D E L  
M U F T I  
U N W E D  
S O L F A  
A B B E Y

(Read initials up, and finals downwards.)

The prize of Half-a-Guinea is awarded to JOHN DAVIS, the Dispensary, Bagthorpe Infirmary, Notts.

## ORIGINAL ANAGRAM

{ Joseph Chamberlain.  
{ Jo, he's an able rich M.P.!

The prize of Five Shillings is awarded to the Rev. R. J. WRIGHT, Kilverstone, Worthing.

A new series of Literary Competitions will begin in this page in November.

## ON OUR BOOK TABLE

(Books received:—BARONESS BONDE's *Paris in '48*, 8s., John Murray. PROFESSOR MOULTON's *Moral System of Shakespeare*, 6s., The Macmillan Co. PROFESSOR JAMES' *Human Immortality*, 2s. 6d., Constable. MRS. HAY-NEWTON's *Readings on the Evolution of Religion*, 5s., Blackwood and Sons. CHESTERTON's *Robert Browning*, 2s., English Men of Letters Series, The Macmillan Co. MAX ADELER's *In Happy Hollow*, 6s., Ward, Lock and Co. DORA MCCHESENEY's *London Roses*, 3s. 6d., Smith, Elder and Co.)

*Paris in '48* is the title of a volume of letters written during the Revolution of that year to an intimate friend in London by a young Irish lady, a Miss Robinson, afterwards the Baroness Bonde. These letters, full of freshness and vivacity, give us cinematographic pictures of the Revolution in progress—with all those little touches of detail in things seen and described moment by moment, which are so much more convincing than any calculated impression. Louis Philippe's abdication is announced in a postscript to the first epistle—and Louis Napoleon's election speedily followed the last—six months of revolutionary chaos being recorded in the series of forty-nine letters.

"Newspapers," she writes, "are not half quick enough in giving information; every decree is posted, and sometimes ten succeed each other in an hour. I read the rights of women in yellow, those of old men in blue, the regulations of the octroi in pale lilac, and the opinion of an ill-used patriot in bright pink . . . as most workmen are busy talking about their rights, all work is done by amateurs, and badly enough

in all conscience. . . . We had a most dreadful day yesterday . . . the *rappel* beat at one . . . I saw shopkeepers turning out with their wives and children clinging round them, weeping wives and melancholy shop-boys horribly frightened at being left alone behind the counters. . . . If you pay a visit you find a lady with very dirty hands who has just been grubbing a hole in her garden for her diamonds . . . we all wear thick shoes, carry an umbrella, and try to look as much like our own *portières* as we can. . . . We have no longer a peers' tribune, but one for chief editors, and it is twice as large. . . . We cannot read; history and romance contain nothing equal to what we see from our windows. . . . On Monday a hair-dresser whom I know was given 10 fr. to cry '*Vive Henri V.*' but he and his friend forthwith purchased some wine stolen from the Tuileries, and, in Louis Philippe's burgundy, drank success to Louis Napoleon. . . . The *rassemblements* are now at the *Hôtel de Ville*, and the cries are: '*Vive Henri V.!* *Vive Napoleon!* *Vive le Prince de Joinville!* *Vive quelqu'un, mais surtout à bas la République!*'"

Professor Moulton's *Moral System of Shakespeare* is a many-paged volume of unrelated and singularly unilluminated comment on the plots and purposes of Shakespeare's plays. Holofernes himself, or those sages who spent their lives in extracting sunshine from cucumbers, or those others who approve the pulling open of rosebuds to find the inner meaning shut within their petals, might relish the pointless and turgid paraphrasings which fill these pages. A host of definitions, such as *Enveloping motive atmosphere*, *Generating sub-action*, *Clash of four actions*, *Link sub-action*, *Germ action*, *Oracular action*, are attached in arbitrary fashion to the dismembered parts of successive plays, recalling to the puzzled reader Macbeth's description of

"a tale told . . . full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."

Professor James' lecture on *Human Immortality* approaches the subject from the side of psychology—in the terms of a Harvard lectureship. He attacks the one-sidedness of materialism in dealing with the scientific formula that thought is a function of the brain. While materialists assert that this function is productive, Professor James and his school believe that it is but transmissive, and that our physical brain makes us aware in part only of the eternal spiritual world which like an unseen atmosphere surrounds our present finite existence. The clarity of his style makes intelligible to the untrained thinker many of the conclusions arrived at by scientific students of brain function, and the varied phenomena of consciousness.

Human Immortality in its ethical bearing is largely the theme of another book whose author carefully disclaims any professional authority, *Readings on the Evolution of Religion*, by Mrs. Hay-Newton. These readings are in the form of elucidatory notes on Professor Caird's well-known Gifford lectures on the *Evolution of Religion*, and were contributed to the winter meetings of an Englishwomen's Reading Union in Algiers. Professor Caird's lectures being the subject of study, a knowledge of these lectures is requisite to a full understanding of Mrs. Hay-Newton's commentary. Both lectures and comment are addressed to those who desire to know God, and to make a serious study of His Word, "not imagining that any book can help us so much as the Bible, or any teaching be a substitute for the teaching of Christ," but that there are many books which can and do help us to a better understanding. In this simple and thoughtful little book the evolution of religion is briefly retraced from its

objective to its subjective stage—from Pantheism to Monotheism, and from Judaism to Christianity, and special stress is laid on what ought to be the practical outcome of a belief in the Fatherhood of God, and the duty of brotherly love, as these were newly revealed by Jesus Christ.

Mr. Chesterton's appreciation of *Robert Browning* in the English Men of Letters Series is the most illuminating bit of criticism it has been our fortune to meet with for many a day, and altogether a brilliantly fascinating book, abounding in good things. Of poetry, for instance, he says:—"It is original, not in the paltry sense of being new, but in the deeper sense of being old; it is original in the sense that it deals with origins. . . . Poetry deals entirely with those great eternal and mainly forgotten wishes which are the ultimate despots of existence . . . poetry is the science of motives . . . only poetry can realise motives because motives are all pictures of happiness. . . ." The social period from which Browning evolved is thus happily sketched:—"Numbers of the great men, who afterwards illuminated the Victorian era, were at this time living in mean streets in magnificent day-dreams. Ruskin was solemnly visiting his solemn suburban aunts; Dickens was going to and fro in a blacking factory; Carlyle, slightly older, was still lingering on a poor farm in Dumfriesshire; Keats had not long become the assistant of the country surgeon when Browning was a boy in Camberwell. . . . It was the age of inspired office-boys. . . . They climbed up dark stairs to meagre garrets, and shut themselves in with the gods." As a poet Browning "had the one great requirement, he was not difficult to please. . . . To the man who sees the marvellousness of all things, the surface of life is fully as strange and magical as its interior . . . professional reformers go to look for humanity in remote places and in huge statistics. . . . But humanitarians of the highest type, the great poets and philosophers, do not go to look for humanity at all. For them, alone among all men, the nearest drawing-room is full of humanity, and even their own families are human . . . The *Ring and the Book* is the great epic of the nineteenth century because it is the great epic of the enormous importance of small things . . . and (secondly) because it is the expression of the belief, it might almost be said of the discovery, that no man ever lived upon this earth without possessing a point of view . . . The poet in his ancient office held a kind of terrestrial day of judgment, and gave men halts and haloes; Browning gives men neither halter nor halo, he gives them voices." In analysing the nature of Browning's optimism and charity, Mr. Chesterton holds that the first was the result of experience of life as the work of God—while charity "was his basic philosophy; but it was, as it were, a fierce charity, a charity that went man-hunting . . . he took in the sinners whom even sinners cast out. He went with the hypocrite and had mercy on the Pharisee."

As to the form of Browning's verse, Mr. Chesterton has to admit "his inability to keep a kind of demented ingenuity even out of poems in which it was quite inappropriate. . . . His mind was perfectly wholesome, but it was not made exactly like the ordinary mind. It was like a piece of strong wood with a knot in it."

Did space permit, we would quote from a chapter on the philosophy of Browning, Mr. Chesterton's remarkable analysis of the confessions and characters of Bishop Blougram, and Mr. Sludge the medium; but his whole argument is too good to be cut into samples, and we can only urge our readers to possess themselves of and study the book as a whole.

When an author has made his début in farce, and so created the part of Clown that his very name makes us expectant of a harlequinade, it is extraordinarily difficult to forget that he ever wielded a comic red-hot poker and painted his face. We wish Max Adeler on the title-page of *In Happy Hollow* had suppressed his familiar pen-name, and made his bid for serious attention only as Charles Heber Clark. Relieved with delightful touches of humour, his new story is philosophical at times—as in the young school-master's musings on the attitude of the boyish mind to learning; pathetic in describing how the unconquerable race prejudice prevented Spiker's marrying the woman he loved; ironic in sketching the far-reaching strike, engineered by the Walking Delegate of the Street Car Labourers' Union; or the pretensions of Colonel Bantam; and tenderly romantic in recording the love affairs of Sprat and Ruby. After all, however, Mr. Clark's humour is the best thing he gives us, and Felix Acorn, the gloomily-aeceptical little barber, is inimitably drawn, talking while he shaves Sprat.

"I used to be imposed on when I was a boy," he said, "but I got to know about things, and the more I knewed the less I believed. There's mighty few things that people thinks so that really is so. . . . They say we descended from monkeys and shed our tails because they wa'n't no use. Now I put it to you: would you do that if you had one? No, Acorn was never such a fool. A tail that 'ud grip things! Why it'd be as good as a third hand. Right now I could fan you while I shave you. No, sir! The lies that people tells is awful! Do you believe ostriches hides their heads in the sand when you skeer 'em? Well, I don't. I've watched 'em by the hour, and skeered 'em too, and they never put their heads nowhere. It's all humbug; and the same with snakes in Ireland. I was imposed on when I was a boy with the idea that there wa'n't no snakes in Ireland, but I know an Irishman who's seen 'em and kille 'em there."

"Maybe he didn't tell the truth."

"I'd trust him for anything. It's the books and newspapers you can't trust. There's General Washington; he never cut no cherry-tree with no hatchet, and Benjamin Franklin never flew no kite; and there's no Uncle Sam like you see the picture of in the papers; 'All men are liars,' David said, and he was right, if he really did say it, for I'm not sure he did or that there ever was a David; for if there was a David, why didn't he have a last name? That's mighty suspicious, just by itself."

"Are you sure about anything?" I asked.

"Sure enough about some things," he answered. "Sure there is no equator like the geographies says there is, and no tropic of Cancer. Them lines round the world is all lies. No man ever seen 'em or will see 'em. And the North Pole! Do you know the North Pole ain't anywhere near the North Pole? Do you know that?"

"I've heard so."

"Exactly! there ain't no such place."

And so this happy skit on scepticism ends for the moment.

In *London Roses* we have one of Miss Dora McChesney's well-written and pleasant stories—pleasant alike to read, and to remember, and to recommend to others. Love and honour, weaving romance even in the lives of reference-readers in the sombre library of the British Museum, come to their own in the end as they ought, despite of difficulties.

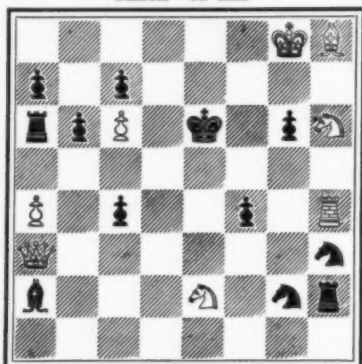


# Our Chess Page

## Quick Solving Competition.

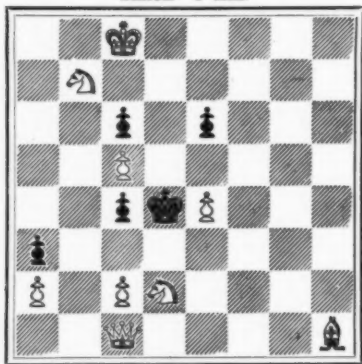
TWO PRIZES of **Five Shillings** each will be given for the first solutions received of the two following problems by Mr. F. W. ANDREW, one for Town and one for Country solvers.

No. 1.  
BLACK—12 MEN



WHITE—8 MEN  
White to mate in three moves.

No. 2.  
BLACK—5 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN  
White to mate in three moves.

The above problems will be found to be well worth study, apart from the mild incentive afforded by the chance of a prize. All solutions received before October 15th will be acknowledged in the December *Leisure Hour*.

### SOLVING TOURNEY—SOLUTIONS

(JUNE AND JULY), LAST BATCH.

10. *Look Out!* B—Kt 8, B—K 2, Q—B 4 ch, K—Q 6, B—Kt 6, etc. If P—B 7, Q×P ch, K×Q, B—R 7 ch, etc.
11. *Corona.* Q—Kt 8, B×Q, Kt—B 5 ch, etc. If Kt×P, B—B 6 ch, etc. If R—R 1, Q×R, etc. If K×P, Q×B ch, etc.
12. *Quo Vadis.* Kt—B 6, P—B 3, K×Kt, Kt—K 4 ch, etc. If K—Q 5, Kt—Kt 5 ch.

1048

If K×Kt, Kt—Q 8 ch, K—Kt 4, B—B 4. If P—K 7, Kt—B 4 ch, K—Q 5, B—K 5, etc. If P—Kt 4, P—B 3, K×Kt, Q—B 5, etc.

13. *Good Morning.* P—B 7, B×P, P—B 4 ch, K—B 3, Q—Q R 1. If K—K 5, Q—K R 1. P—B 5, Kt—Q 7 ch, K—Q 4, Q×P ch. If Q×B P, Q—R 1 ch, K—Q 4, K—K 4 ch. If K—B 6, P×B (Q), Q×B P, Q—Kt 7 ch, etc.

14. *Asia.* P—Q 6, etc.

15. *Tyr.* B—Kt 4, P×R, Q—R 4, etc. If P×Q, R—K 4 ch. If K×R on Q 3, Q—R 2. If K×R, K—Kt 3, etc.

16. *Cromwell.* Q—B 3, K—Q 4, B—Kt 3 ch, K—K 5, Kt—Q 6 ch, etc. If K—B 4, Kt—Kt 7 ch, K—K 4, B—B 3 ch. If Kt×P, Kt×P ch, K—B 4, B—Kt 4. If P×P, B—B 3 ch, K—B 4, Kt—Kt 7 ch, etc.

17. *Didn't I say so?* Q—Q 8, Kt×Q, B×R ch, K×B, R×B ch, etc.

18. *Pathfinder.* K—Q 3, B×Kt, Q×P ch, P—B 5, Q—R 5, etc. If P—R 8, Kt—Q 7 ch, K×P, Q—R 2 ch, etc.

The award in the above Tourney will be published in the November part of *The Leisure Hour*, the first of the New Volume.

### SHORT SOLVING COMPETITION

SOLUTIONS (AUGUST).

*Sempronius.* B—B 1, R×P, P—Q 4, R×Q, Kt—K 6 ch. If Kt—B 2, P—Q 4, Kt—Kt 3, Kt—K 6 ch. If P—B 4, P—Q 3, K—B 4, Q×P ch, etc.

*Rough and Ready.* Kt×R, K×Kt, Q×P ch, K×Q, Kt—B 2 ch. If K×R, P—K 8—Kt ch, K×B, Q×Kt ch, etc.

*Ruse de Guerre.* Kt—Q 6, K×Kt, P—K 8—Kt, dis ch, etc.

*Springtime.* Kt—K 7, K—B 3, Kt×P, dis ch, K—Kt 2, R—B 7 ch. If K—Q 5, Kt (B 4)—Q 5, K—K 4, Kt—Q B 6 ch, etc.

*A Great Surprise.* Q—Kt 5, K—B 5, Kt—K 6 ch, etc.

We go to press too early to give the award in the above competition this month; it will be published in the November part.

The following brief and sparkling game was played a season or two ago in a match between the Athenaeum and the North London Chess Clubs.

Mr. F. P. Carr.	Mr. S. J. Stevens.	Mr. F. P. Carr.	Mr. S. J. Stevens.
1. P—K 4.	P—K 4.	11. Kt×Kt.	P×P.
2. Kt—KB 3.	Kt—Q B 3.	12. Q×P.	Q×Kt.
3. B—Kt 5.	Kt—B 3.	13. Q—B 7.	B—Q 5.
4. Castles.	B—K 2.	14. Q×Kt P.	Castles.
5. P—Q 4.	Kt×QP.	15. Q—R 6.	Q—K R 4.
6. Kt×Kt.	P×Kt.	16. P—R 3.	B×P.
7. P—K 5.	Kt—Q 4.	17. Q×B P.	B—R 7 ch.
8. Q×P.	P—B 3.	18. K—R 1.	B—Kt 5.
9. B—Q 3.	P—Q 3.	19. Resigns.	
10. Kt—B 3.	B—K 3.		

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the *Entree* Ticket from the Contents page.

**To Promote Appetite, to Ensure Perfect  
Digestion and Assimilation of Food, to  
Obtain Strength and Vitality, take  
Guy's Tonic.**

**There is nothing whatever so Effectual.**

Digestion is enjoyment of Food, followed by Strength, Vigour, and good Appetite as the result of a necessary duty properly fulfilled. Indigestion is just the reverse. No duty of the body is properly performed. Different functions jar and obstruct each other. Sooner or later the Nervous System becomes affected, and the sufferer steadily goes from bad to worse. Guy's Tonic ensures good Digestion, and its use is therefore followed by good Appetite, increasing Energies, and greater Physical and Nervous Vitality. Guy's Tonic actually helps to accomplish some Digestive duties, and strengthens the Digestive processes generally. Guy's Tonic also corrects the evil symptoms resulting from previous non-digestion of food.

Guy's Tonic banishes Wind, Sickness, Heartburn, and disagreeable symptoms after meals. It prevents that heavy, Sluggish, sleepy feeling which is so often accompanied by painful Distension of the Stomach. It strengthens the Nerves and Energies, and makes you Brighter, more Cheerful, more Energetic. The good Guy's Tonic does in combating Indigestion and in counteracting its evil influences has been proved in tens of thousands of instances.

Guy's Tonic always does good. It gives relief and effects curative results where all else fails, and so it has a large and ever-increasing sale. The good effect of Guy's Tonic is apparent after even the first dose, and the further benefits are still more marked. Its merits convert and convince you, and you become, as so many others do, a decided believer in, and recommender of, its fine qualities. Guy's Tonic thus prospers by good repute.

**Guy's Tonic is the most efficacious Remedy known for the cure of Dyspepsia in every form, Debility, Nervous Prostration, Flatulence, Pain and Uneasiness after Eating, Impoverished Blood, Torpidity of the Liver, and all Ailments dependent upon perverted Nutrition. Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores at 13½d. and 2s. 9d. per Bottle. It is a British preparation, and may be obtained in every part of the Empire.**

"The statement that CADBURY'S Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our hands, this excellent article of food has yielded."  
—The Lancet.

HIGHLY  
NOURISHING

EASILY  
DIGESTED.

**CADBURY'S**  
**COCOA**

Absolutely  
PURE,

therefore  
BEST.

"The perfect purity of CADBURY'S Cocoa—a strong point with the makers—constitutes its firm hold upon the public confidence, and the secret of its universal popularity."  
—Health.

*Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.*

**BENGER'S**

**FOOD FOR  
INFANTS,  
INVALIDS,  
and the  
AGED.**

The British Medical Journal says.  
"Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S FOOD with milk forms a dainty, delicious, and most easily digested cream. Infants thrive on it and delicate or aged persons enjoy it.

Benger's Food is  
Sold by  
Chemists, &c.,  
everywhere.

**Perfect Health**

for the skin, and a complexion creamy and delicate as the  
blush-rose attend the habitual use of

**PEARS'**  
**SOAP**

"Matchless for the Complexion."—ADELINA PATTI.

**Reckitt's**  
**Blue.**

The Best is the Cheapest.

**ZEBRA**  
**Grate Polish**

In Packets or Tins.

perfect  
BURY's  
strong  
in the  
itutes  
upon  
confi-  
d the  
uni-  
arity.  
alth.

s,

is

h